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THE ADVENTURES OF Prince *JAKAYA.*

PART II.

THE young *Sultan* had paſſed the Night the moſt uncomfortably in the World, not knowing to whom to impute his Misfortune. Sometimes he accuſed *Phriné* of the Treaſon, and threaten'd her with the moſt cruel Torments; and ſometimes he ſuſpected that *Felicia* had had Recourſe to

this Artifice, in order to get rid of him, when ſhe found him to be *Achmet:* But he dwelt but little upon this laſt Thought, recollecting the great Strength with which the ſuppos'd *Sultaneſs* had diſengag'd herſelf from his Arms. Beſides, it could not be Chance which had made the Waters play with ſo much Violence; the great Gardener alone knew that Secret; but then there was little Grounds to believe that it was *Cherſeg Ogli*, the rather becauſe he imagin'd him entirely devoted in his Intereſt, not as yet knowing him to be an Accomplice in the Conſpiracy, for which he had puniſh'd the *Grand Vizier.*

Wherefore, the *Grand Signor*, fluctuated between ſeveral Thoughts, without being able to pitch upon the right; and, on the other Hand, *Phriné*, fearing that his *Highneſs*'s Suſpicions would center in her, put her Wits to the Rack to find ſome probable Reaſons for ſuch an extraordinary Adventure.

In the mean while, the whole *Seraglio* was in an Uproar; ſcarcely did Day begin to break, when the Eunuchs, not finding the *Sultan* return, cauſed the *Sultana Validé* to be awaken'd in a great Hurry: Immediately every one was in an Alarm; the

the Flight of the Great Gardener, and the two *Sultana*'s was diſcover'd; and a Report was ſpread in a Moment throughout *Conſtantinople*, that the Fugitives had aſſaſſinated *Achmet* before their Departure, in order to prevent Purſuit being made after them. This Thought, which ſeem'd probable to all the World, redoubled their Conſternation; a ſtricter ſearch than ever was made after the *Sultan*'s Body; but the *Sultaneſs Kioſem*, who began even then to have that powerful Intereſt in the *Seraglio*, which ſhe has ſince preſerv'd with ſo much Imperiouſneſs, was righter in her Conjectures than any of the reſt.

The Abſence of *Phriné*, whom ſhe had gain'd over to her Intereſt, in order to incline the *Sultan*'s Heart inſenſibly in her Favour, and who had inform'd her of the Rendezvous at which the *Grand Signor* was to be, to obtain his Will of *Felicia*; made *Kioſem* not doubt it muſt be at the Cabinet of Statues, where they ſhould hear News of *Achmet*. Immediately ſhe inform'd the *Validé* of her Suſpicions; this was enough to ſend every one that Way; but not happening to meet with any Thing, which could give Light into the Emperor's Fate; they began to deſpair of being ever able to unravel ſuch

a ſurprizing Adventure; when this ſame *Kioſem*, who, together with Abundance of Wit, had a great Ambition to ſeem agreeable to his *Highneſs*, took Notice of the Noiſe of the Waters, which did not ſeem uſual to her, at the Hour it then was, and even which never play'd without the *Sultan*'s expreſs Order.

This Remark made her go up to the Door of the Cabinet of the Water-Houſe; where, notwithſtanding the horrible Noiſe made by the Water, in running into the Pipes, which diſtributed it throughout the Gardens, ſhe imagin'd ſhe heard ſome body complaining. There needed no more to cauſe the Door to be broke open, although they could not imagine that the *Sultaneſs*'s Thought was in the leaſt rational. But judge how great muſt be every body's Surprize, at finding *Achmet* half ſtarv'd with Cold, in this watery Abode! He could not himſelf help expreſſing ſome Shame at the Condition wherein they ſaw him; but Anger ſoon ſucceeding the Confuſion he at firſt felt, he ſwore he would take a ſevere Revenge for this outragious Affront. The Account that was given him of the Flight of the Great Gardener, and the *Sultana*'s, made him imagine part of the Truth; but

but however he did not fail to cauſe *Phriné* to be ſtrangled, ſuſpecting her to have held a private Correſpondence with the raſh *Cherſeg*. As he was in an exceſſive Rage, he at the ſame Time diſpatch'd Orders on all Sides, to ſeize theſe three Slaves; not as yet knowing that *Jakaya* was in their Company. He promis'd immenſe Rewards to thoſe that could reſtore them alive into his Hands; and ſo great was the Expedition of moſt of the Couriers whom he ſent, that the very next Day the *Sangiacks*, of the Frontier Towns, were acquainted with his *Highneſs*'s Will, whilſt ſeveral ſmall Parties of Soldiers diſpers'd themſelves up and down the Countries, to try to ſurprize theſe unhappy Sports of Fortune.

In the mean while *Jakaya*, who was no Stranger to the Uproar which their Flight would cauſe at *Conſtantinople*, waited with great Impatience for *Cherſeg*'s Return, in order to be gone, with all Speed, as far as poſſible from *Achmet*'s Fury. In effect, at Day-break, he ſaw the Prince of *Illyria* appear, laden with every Thing that was neceſſary for their Suſtenance, and Diſguiſes. *Mariana*, whoſe anxious Care for *Cherſeg*, would allow her but to ſlumber by Snatches, was the firſt that awaken'd; and

ſcarcely did her bright Eyes begin to open, when ſhe perceiv'd her tender Lover. Exquiſite was her Joy, inſomuch that ſhe forgot, for ſome Moments, the Misfortunes that threaten'd her; when *Cherſeg* came and kneeled down by her, and kiſſing her Hand reſpectfully; my charming Princeſs, ſaid he, may I flatter myſelf with the Thought that my Abſence has given you ſome Uneaſineſs? Ought I to hope that I have ſtill ſome Share in your Heart? Alas! how willingly would I ſacrifice my Life, for an Aſſurance that would compleat my Happineſs! I ſee plainly, *Cherſeg*, anſwered *Mariana*, that you cannot help believing me falſe; I forgive your Suſpicions, which are founded on too much Appearance of Truth, for me to complain thereof; nevertheleſs they are unjuſt, you have always been dear to me; and when I have inform'd you of my Misfortunes, you will acknowledge a Truth, which, at the ſame Time that it conduces to your Happineſs, will prove both my Innocence and my Love; but, continu'd ſhe, riſing up, we are not now in a Place where I can ſatisfy your Curioſity; content yourſelf with knowing that I have always lov'd you, and that, according to the Sentiments of my Heart

at

at preſent, I ſhall love you all the reſt of my Life.

Mariana did not give the Prince of *Illyria* Time to reply to ſuch an obliging Proteſtation; 'twas neceſſary to get with all ſpeed on Horſeback, after a very ſlender Repaſt, and having diſguiſed themſelves the beſt they poſſibly could, they travers'd the Foreſt with the utmoſt Haſte, and gain'd the open Country. But their Horſes, though the beſt that could then be met with in *Turkey*, could not long ſupport ſuch a violent Fatigue; *Jakaya* perceiv'd that their Strength fail'd them, and that his could hardly ſtand upon his Legs; he made the Prince of *Illyria* take Notice thereof with Sorrow: What will become of us, my dear *Cherſeg*, cry'd he out mournfully? We are upon the Point of falling into the Hands of our cruel Enemies; we ſhall never be able to reach the Army of *Peri-Baſſa*, which is ſtill two Days Journey from us: We ſhall doubtleſs be ſtopt at the Frontier Towns, through which we cannot avoid paſſing. Juſt Heaven! continued he, with Tranſport, preſerve the unhappy Victims of our Love, from the Miſery which is impending over their Heads; may we alone

be reſigned up to the *Sultan*'s Fury, but preſerve your moſt precious Handy-Work!

'Tis not yet Time, anſwered *Cherſeg*, to give ourſelves up to Deſpair; let us allow our Prudence all the Sedateneſs which is neceſſary to render it profitable to us; let us urge our Horſes as far as they can poſſibly go; after which Love and Neceſſity will perhaps furniſh us with the Means, of eſcaping the Dangers that threaten us.

During this Diſcourſe the two Princes continued travelling with the ſame Speed, and at the Cloſe of Day found themſelves at the Foot of ſuch a ſteep Rock, that they eaſily judged it could not be inhabited: For this Reaſon they reſolved to paſs the Night there; but had the greateſt Difficulty imaginable to get their Horſes up, ſo rugged was the Way. The beauteous *Felicia* could not help trembling at the Sight of a Place ſo barren, and ſo full of Precipices; hereupon *Jakaya*, who took Notice of her Fear, did his utmoſt to diſpel it, whilſt *Cherſeg* had Recourſe to his Love and Eloquence, to reſtore Peace to the Heart of *Mariana*, whom

whom the Horrors that ſurrounded her had ſtruck with a juſt Terror.

In the mean while the Princes continued to climb the Rock, before Darkneſs quite came upon them, with Intent to reach ſeveral Trees, which joining together formed a ſort of Arbour, under which they deſigned to paſs the Night, ſheltered from the Inclemencies of the Weather. At laſt they arrived there; but how great was their Surprize to obſerve a Light there, and to perceive that, in a Cave, whoſe Mouth anſwered to the middle of theſe Trees, there were ſome Perſons diſcourſing!

Hereupon *Jakaya* ſtopt ſhort, as being uncertain what he ſhould do, and going back ſome Paces, What ſhall we do, ſaid he to the Prince of *Illyria*? this Place, which we thought uninhabited, is not ſo; perhaps this Cave is the Abode of ſome Robbers. Muſt we expoſe what we love? In ſhort, what Reſolution muſt be taken at ſuch a melancholy Juncture? I believe it would be Prudence, anſwered *Cherſeg*, to know who they are that inhabit this dark Receſs, before we ſeek Refuge there; let us turn back, purſued he, to the end that our Horſes may not betray

us by their neighing; after which I will ſlip in between the Trees, from whence I may overhear the Converſation of thoſe that ſeem ſuſpicious to us. If their Diſcourſe is anſwerable to what we fear, we will try to regain the open Country; but, on the other hand, if there is no Danger, we may take Advantage of a convenient Place of Refuge almoſt unknown to all the reſt of Mankind.

This Advice was generally approved and followed; but *Jakaya* would not permit his Friend to put it in Execution himſelf; *Cherſeg* was conſtrained to yield him the Preference. The Prince of *Turkey* advanced then towards the Mouth of the Cave; and entering it without Heſitation, drew near, as ſoftly as he could poſſibly, to the Place where he obſerved the Light. There he ſoon perceived a *Dervis*, venerable both by Reaſon of his Age, and an Air of Grandeur that might eaſily be diſcovered thro' the Wrinkles of his Forehead; He was lying upon a Bed of Turf, with a young Man near him, and both of them ſeemed oppreſs'd with Sorrow.

There is no longer any Doubt of it, my dear *Acles*, ſaid the old Man; ſome

ſome fatal Accident has queſtionleſs happened to *Zulimo* and *Zennora*. In almoſt eight Years, that we have been in this Retreat, they have never been ſo long in returning from the City. Great God! continued he, wilt thou again plunge me into Misfortunes more dreadful than thoſe thou haſt made me ſhun? Torment not yourſelf, my Lord, anſwered *Acles*, interrupting him, Things are not deſperate as yet; *Zennora*'s Weakneſs, no Doubt, cauſes this Stay; we ſhall ſoon ſee them, reſtore Peace to your Mind by their Preſence. Scarcely had the young Man uttered theſe laſt Words, when *Jakaya* ſaw two *Derviſes*, laden with Proviſions, enter the Cave by a Way oppoſite to that where he ſtood. Cruel Children, cried the old Man, ſeeing them appear, how could you leave me ſo long in the deadly Anguiſh which your Abſence gave me? Oh Father! anſwered the youngeſt of theſe Anchorets; don't blame us without hearing what we have to ſay for ourſelves. There have ſuch Things happened to us, as had but too much Reaſon to detain us, and ſtill we are very happy in having got off with ſo much Eaſe.

At theſe Words the young *Dervis*, thinking himſelf at Liberty in an

Abode where he had ſo long lived; took off a falſe Beard, and diſcovered to *Jakaya* the Face of the loveliest Woman in the Univerſe: But as this Prince had been uſed to ſee all that was moſt beauteous in the World, ſince he was with *Felicia*, and the Princeſs of *Servia*, he took but little Notice of her Charms, but continued to lend an Ear to the young Woman's Diſcourſe.

We had ſcarcely reached the City of *Nicéa*, purſued ſhe, before we ſaw ourſelves ſurrounded by a Multitude of People, which fell upon us, and dragged us before the *Sangiack*, who at firſt received us with a Severity that made us tremble: But finding us afterwards to be the *Derviſes* of the Cave, he made us ſeveral Excuſes for the ill Uſage we had received.

He then informed us, that divers Couriers had lately arrived from *Conſtantinople*, with ſtrict orders from the *Sultan*, to ſtop all Paſſengers of what Condition ſoever; becauſe the Great Gardener had had the Inſolence to carry off two of the *Sultana*'s of his *Highneſs*'s *Seraglio*. He aſſured us alſo, that by the Precautions taken to have them ſeiz'd, it would be very

very difficult for them to eſcape *Achmet*'s Fury. After this Satisfaction, the *Sangiack* cauſed Proviſions to be diſtributed to us, diſmiſſed us, and gave us a Paſſport ſigned with his own Hand; it proved very neceſſary, ſince we were ſtopt above twenty Times before we got hither.

The laſt Troops we met added one Circumſtance which the *Sangiack* never mentioned; they aſſured us that *Achmet* had cauſed the *Vizier Azem* to be ſtrangled, upon an Account that had been given him of his being concerned in a Conſpiracy againſt his Life; and that one of the Conſpirators had proteſted to his *Highneſs*, that the *Sultan Jakaya* was concealed in *Conſtantinople*, to wait the Effects of the *Grand Vizier*'s Promiſes: That upon this Aſſurance the *Grand Signior* had cauſed the ſtricteſt Search imaginable to be made in the moſt ſecret Places of the City, but that not having found this Prince, 'twas not doubted but he had accompanied the Great Gardener in his Flight; the rather becauſe that one of the fugitive *Sultana*'s is Daughter to the *Vizier Oſman*, with whom *Jakaya* has been long in love.

This Father, continued this lovely Creature, is what has hindered us ſo long; and

and I hope that you will allow this to be a lawful Excuſe. Doubtleſs, my dear Daughter, anſwered the old Man, but your Relation makes me tremble for the Fate of theſe illuſtrious Unfortunates: They will infallibly fall into the Power of the cruel *Sultan*, if they don't find ſome Place of Refuge, to ſhelter them from his Fury.

Well then, Father, cried out the Prince of *Turkey* ſhowing himſelf, you can furniſh us with this ſo neceſſary Azyle; you ſee the unhappy *Jakaya*, who reſigns himſelf up to your Prudence and your Pity; vouchſafe to ſuccour him in the Perſon of two unfortunate Ladies, who deſerve the Admiration of the whole Earth, both by their Birth, and by their Virtue; grant them your Protection againſt a Tyrant who oppreſſes them; and depend on it that our Gratitude ſhall equal, if poſſible, the precious Benefit which we ſhall receive from you on this Occaſion.

The old Man, who had riſen at the Prince's Name, advancing towards him with the beſt Grace in the World; you are welcome, my Lord, ſaid he, in a Retreat where you are abſolutely Maſter; I eſteem

eſteem myſelf too happy in having it in my Power to ſerve you; and begin to believe that Fortune ceaſes to be my Enemy, ſince ſhe enables me to offer you the little that I can command. Bring hither the *Sultana*'s, purſued he, they ſhall be ſerved plainly, but, at leaſt, with the Reſpect which they deſerve; my ſmall Family will ſtrive with Ardour to do all that will pleaſe them, and to teſtify to you, my Lord, the Veneration they ought to have for a Prince ſuch as you.

Jakaya was overjoyed at ſuch a gracious Reception, and, after having thanked the *Dervis* in Terms dictated by Politeneſs and Gratitude, ran with all Speed to the Place where he had left the Prince of *Illyria*, and the two *Sultana*'s. He was accompanied thither by *Acles* and *Zulimo*; the old Man, whoſe Name was *Anthoras*, would likewiſe have followed, but *Jakaya* would by no Means permit it; wherefore he remained behind with *Zennora*, to try to put his Retirement in a Condition to receive his new Gueſts.

Whilſt the Prince was on his Way to *Felicia*, that fair Lady was in a mortal Anguiſh, and 'twas not without Reaſon; *Jakaya*.

Jakaya had ſtaid too long in a ſuſpicious Place; 'twas to be feared that ſome Miſfortune had happened to him; accordingly *Cherſeg*, uncertain of his Friend's Fate, was preparing to go in Search of him himſelf, when he ſaw him return with his new Friends. The Prince informed them in few Words of the happy Fortune that had befallen him, and the Hoſpitality that the *Dervis Anthoras* was willing to ſhow them. *Acles* and *Zulimo* made a Compliment to the Princeſſes and *Cherſeg* with ſuch a good Grace, and ſuch noble Expreſſions, that 'twas eaſy to ſee theſe two Hermits had not been bred up for that Condition. *Felicia* and the Princeſs of *Servia* returned them Thanks very politely, and followed them to the Entrance of the Cave, where they met *Anthoras* and the amiable *Zeunora*.

The old Man did the Honours of his Retirement with an Air ſo eaſy, and at the ſame Time ſo reſpectful, that 'twas not difficult to perceive that this *Dervis* was very different from what he affected to appear. He then preſented to the *Sultaneſſes* his charming Daughter, who had had Time to re-aſſume a Habit ſuitable to her Sex; aſſuring them that ſhe

ſhe ſhould uſe her utmoſt Care to obtain the Happineſs of pleaſing them, which *Zennora* confirmed with all the Grace imaginable.

Felicia embraced her, and loaded her with the Praiſes ſhe deſerved; the Princeſs of *Servia* did the ſame; after which *Jakaya* preſented *Cherſeg* to the old Man, and made no difficulty of acquainting him with his real Condition. *Anthoras* hereupon redoubled his Civilities to him; but in ſuch a Manner, as made it eaſy to ſee that he had been uſed to live with Princes, and that perhaps he was himſelf of that Rank.

After this the old Man conducted them into a little Apartment (if I may uſe that Expreſſion) which was hewn out of the Rock, and which had been appointed for them: It's whole Furniture conſiſted of two Beds of Turf. This, my Lord, ſaid he, is all that I can offer you; here reigns Simplicity; but Innocence and Peace dwell likewiſe here with her; you need not fear being diſcovered here; for, beſides that in eight Years which I have lived here, I have never ſeen any Strangers but yourſelves, this Rock has ſubterraneous Receſſes which would ſecure you

you from the moſt inquiſitive Search. Therefore, my Lord, live therein, at Eaſe; you ſhall be ſerved with Reſpect as the firſt Princes of the Earth; you ſhall be beloved if you deſire ſo to be; and if you judge that we are worthy of your Friendſhip, you will find amongſt us an equal Sweetneſs of Mind, and a perfect Union: You will never ſee any Unevenneſs of Temper, nor any Depravation of Manners: We no longer know any thing but the Name of Ambition, having forgot all the Evils into which that Paſſion hurries us: We have no Abundance amongſt us; but a decent Frugality prevents our refuſing ourſelves any Thing that is neceſſary: This, my Lord, continued the wiſe *Dervis*, is the Manner of our living in this Retirement; if it deſerves your Eſteem, we will deſire it of you with Ardour: Would to Heaven! that, being, like us, weaned from the Grandeurs of the Earth, you could both of you reſolve to reliſh perfect Happineſs, which is not uſually found but in a private and quiet Life.

Whilſt *Anthoras* was thus ſaying, the two Princes, charm'd with hearing him, made juſt Reflexions upon the Solidity of his Advice; but they did not as yet deſign

deſign to follow it. 'Tis very ſeldom that, in the Flower of Youth, we can ſubmit to what Reaſon preſcribes; above all, it is very difficult to renounce Ambition when Love augments it's Charms. Accordingly the Princes, who hearkened only to the Dictates of their Hearts, admired the Wiſdom of *Anthoras*, but could not have the Reſolution to imitate him.

In the mean while *Felicia*, and the Princeſs of *Servia*, had followed *Zennora*, who had conducted them into the moſt agreeable Part of the Cave, where two Beds were prepared for them. The lovely Daughter of *Anthoras* propoſed then to the *Sultana*'s to repoſe themſelves there for ſome Moments, but they could not reſolve upon it; wherefore, after having changed their Cloaths, they returned into the Grotto where they had firſt been. The two Princes happened to be there, with *Anthoras* and his Sons, upon which the Converſation became general, and the wiſe *Dervis* diſplayed therein ſo much Wit and Prudence, that he confirmed his illuſtrious Hearers in the noble Idea they had conceived of him and his Family.

At laſt, Supper Time being come, a Repaſt was ſerved up, which, without being

being magnificent, was finely reliſhe and extreamly neat; after which t Princeſſes having need of Reſt, the c Man conducted them to their ruſtic partment, and left them in the Hands *Zennora*, who took a Pleaſure in helpi them undreſs: There they reſted m peacefully than from the Situation of th Fortune might reaſonably have been ex ected: As for the Princes, 'twas with Di culty that Sleep could calm their Inqu tudes: They ſaw themſelves ſurrounc with Enemies; proſcribed on all Sid without Hopes of being able to join Army of *Peri* and *Oſman*; and in F of being diſcovered in their Reti ment; it being very probable that *Sultan*'s Emiſſaries would come in Sea of them, even in this Azyle: All the ſo natural Reflexions, made them p Part of the Night the moſt diſagreeal in the World; nevertheleſs, the extre Fatigues they had undergone, lul them inſenſibly to ſleep; which ſuſpe ed, at leaſt for ſome Hours, the cr Emotions wherewith they were agitat

They were hardly awake, when t old Man came to wiſh them a good M row; I doubt not, ſaid he, my Lor but you have had a very uneaſy Nigl

Reſt

Beſides the Inconveniencies which you have perhaps ſuffered in this Place, your Misfortunes have haunted you with melancholy Repreſentations; but, if I cannot entirely diſpel them, I can at leaſt proteſt that you are in Safety here; where you may ſtay 'till the extreme Rigour of the *Sultan*'s Orders are paſſed, and leave you at Liberty to join *Peri Baſſa*'s Army. Once more therefore, my Lords, fear nothing; the Concavities of this Rock are inacceſſible, and will ſecure you from the Purſuit of your Enemies.

Ah! my Father, cried out *Jakaya*, what are we not indebted to you for your generous Protection? You doubly reſtore us to Life, ſince you ſave the Lives of all that is moſt precious to us in the World; continue your Goodneſs to us, purſued he, and put us in the Way to owe only to you the Succeſs of our Love and Fortune. It is not the Idea of Grandeur, interrupted *Anthoras*, which binds me to your Intereſt; I have long renounced it's vain Illuſions; but Generoſity incites me to ſerve Princes, whom their Virtue diſtinguiſhes as much as their Birth: Nevertheleſs, if I might be permitted to exact one Proof of Acknowledgement, for thoſe poor Marks of my Good-

Good-Will that have been in my Power, might I preſume to aſk the Name and Condition of the fair *Sultaneſs* that is with *Felicia*? She carries in her Face an Air of Grandeur, that is not to be found but in Sovereigns.

It is not juſt, interrupted *Cherſeg*, that you ſhould be any longer ignorant that the Princeſs of *Servia* will never be ungrateful for your Favours; I am a Stranger to the Reaſons that brought her into the *Sultan*'s *Seraglio*; but to convince you of my Sincerity, I conſent to relate to you the principal Adventures of a Life from which mine is inſeparable: I am fully ſatisfied that the beauteous Princeſs, who is to be the Subject of my Diſcourſe, will not be diſpleaſed at the Confidence, which I ſhall repoſe in you on this Occaſion.

Hereupon *Anthoras* returning the Prince Thanks very politely for the Pains he was pleaſed to take, prepared himſelf to hear a Story that could not fail of being curious. As for *Jakaya*, as he already knew his Friend's Hiſtory, he went into the firſt Grotto as ſoon as he was dreſſed; where, whilſt he waited the lovely *Felicia*'s awaking, he had ſome Diſcourſe with the two Sons of *Anthoras*, who, by

their

their Converſation, made him ample Amends for the Time he ſpent with them: In the mean while *Cherſeg* was relating all his Adventures to the *Dervis*, and made him tremble at the Cruelty of the King of *Illyria*, and the barbarous and baſe Treachery of the *Deſpot* of *Servia*.

The amiable *Felicia* awaking in the Interim, perceived that *Mariana*, for Fear of diſturbing her, had conſtrained herſelf in lying a-bed, altho' ſhe had not ſlept for a long Time. Hereupon *Oſman*'s Daughter thanked her for her Civility, and theſe two charming Perſons having talked together ſome Moments, *Zennora*, who had watched their awaking, came to help them dreſs. After this *Zulimo* coming in to enquire after their Health, aſked them, in *Jakaya*'s Name, if that Prince might be admitted; which being granted, he entered the *Sultana*'s Apartment with that charming Air, which diſtinguiſhed him ſo advantageouſly from ordinary Men.

The firſt Compliments being paſſed, he told the Princeſs of *Servia*, that *Cherſeg* was then employed in relating her Hiſtory to *Anthoras*; and that that Prince flattered himſelf with the Hopes, that ſhe would

would not be diſpleaſed at a Confidence, which the old Man's Behaviour ſeemed very well to deſerve. Hereupon *Mariana* bluſhed a little at the Weakneſſes whereof ſhe had been guilty, and which *Cherſeg* would be obliged to own; but recovering herſelf readily; not only I approve, ſaid ſhe, of the Confidence, which the Prince of *Illyria* repoſes in *Anthoras*, but I will likewiſe, in his Preſence, inform *Cherſeg* of ſeveral Circumſtances to which he is a Stranger, and which have made him think me unfaithful.

As *Mariana* had ſpoken theſe laſt Words, the Prince of *Illyria* entered, followed by *Anthoras*, who after having paid his Compliments with Abundance of Wit to the two *Sultana*'s, addreſſed himſelf particularly to the charming *Mariana*: He aſked her Pardon for the Faults which the Ignorance of her real Dignity might have made him commit, and aſſured her how ſenſibly he had been affected with her Misfortunes; but, Madam, purſued he, Prince *Cherſeg* has only been able to acquaint me with what relates to him in particular; and I cannot believe, notwithſtanding Appearances, which ſeem to accuſe you of Injuſtice, that you can have been guilty thereof in reality: I don't

don't in the leaſt doubt but ſome Artifices have made you appear criminal in the Prince's Eyes, whilſt your Heart was innocent.

I am overjoyed, *Anthoras*, anſwered *Mariana*, that you have ſuch a good Opinion of me, as to do Juſtice to my real Sentiments; you are not deceived; without being actually inconſtant, I have been obliged to do every Thing which might make me appear ſo. I am very willing, continued ſhe, to acquaint you with my Adventures, beſides which I ſhall be very glad to remove the Remains of *Cherſeg*'s Suſpicions, which all his Love would not be able to cure. Having thus ſaid, the Princeſs of *Servia*, making her Hearers ſit down, began her Narration as follows, addreſſing herſelf to the old *Dervis*.

Sequel of the Story of CHERSEG *and* MARIANA.

YOU remember, doubtleſs, ſage *Anthoras*, that having agreed with the Prince of *Illyria*, that he ſhould come to an Explanation with *Cherſeg*, as to the cold and reſerved Air wherewith he had carried himſelf to him for ſome Time; I ſaw that Prince, after being come from the King his Father, walking very faſt in the Palace Gardens. Hereupon Curioſity and Love made me haſten down thither, to know the Subject of the Complaint that was formed againſt him; but I was inexpreſſibly aſtoniſhed to find him ſpeechleſs and confounded. In vain did I make uſe of the Influence Love gave me over his Heart, to tear from him a Secret which he was reſolved to conceal; he quitted me ſuddenly with an Aſſurance that his Death might perhaps prove to me the Exceſs of his Love.

I confeſs to you that this Procedure ſurpriz'd me to the laſt Degree; I imagined that ſomething very extraordinary muſt have paſſed in the Interview between the Father and the Son, to force *Cherſeg*, to

to behave himſelf in that Manner to me. I did not doubt but our Fathers had broken their Treaty of Alliance, and thought that the King of *Illyria* had enjoined his Son not to think of me any more.

This Thought overwhelmed me with a real Grief, and I withdrew to my Apartment to ruminate in Liberty upon my Misfortune; but I did not remain long in the cruel Anxiety which had tortured me all that Night, Fate reſerved me for one yet more terrible, joined to that I already felt. I was hardly dreſſed next Morning, when one of my Women, named *Creontine*, in whom I repoſed an entire Confidence, and who conſequently knew the Reaſon of my Alarms, came to bring me a Letter from the King of *Illyria:* I made no Scruple of receiving, and even reading it, being far from imagining what it contained. But how great was my Surprize at finding a Declaration of Love, in a Letter which I had thought indifferent! I immediately comprehended the Myſtery which *Cherſeg* would have concealed from me; and muſt own that the Conſequences thereof, which I ſoon foreſaw, ſtruck me with a lively Affliction.

It was in the firſt Agitations of my Deſpair that the Prince of *Illyria* ſurprized me; I was ſtill holding in my Hand the King his Father's Letter; and I ſhowed him the Threats wherewith it was filled. He then informed me what he had ſeen in the King of *Illyria*'s Cloſet; I was infinitely ſurprized that my Picture ſhould be found there; but I have heard ſince that *Melphe* himſelf made a Preſent thereof to *Cherſeg*; the latter having communicated to him his Love for me, and his Deſign to marry me. I could not comprehend then, at that Time, by what Chance my Picture had fallen into the Hands of the King of *Illyria*; but the Prince, and I, had ſo many other dreadful Reflexions to make, that, in ſhort, we could give but little Attention to that Accident.

We made a thouſand Proteſtations to each other of an eternal Love; I promiſed an inviolable Fidelity, and ſhall not be aſhamed to own, that the unfortunate Oppoſition which thwarted our Love, in ſome Meaſure redoubled mine, and made me give all the Aſſurances thereof, which were not inconſiſtent with my Virtue. Our Converſation was overheard,

heard, and related to the King of *Illyria*; by one of my Women, whom he had gained over to his Intereſt; which is what I was never able to diſcover 'till long after. On the contrary, *Cherſeg* pretended to hope, that, ſince I had not revealed his Love to the Prince his Son, I was not altogether unaffected with it.

I perceived how eagerly the King ſought all Occaſions of diſcourſing with me, but I avoided them with ſo much Art, notwithſtanding what had been agreed on between the Prince his Son and me, that he could not meet with the Oportunity he ſo ardently deſired. Nor did he, 'till during our Journey; when the King pretending an Indiſpoſition, the Queen, my Mother, was conſtrained to offer him a Place in her Chariot; which having accepted without Heſitation, he did not loſe an Opportunity which I could no longer avoid.

Princeſs, ſaid he, permit me to take Advantage of a Diſſimulation which Love ſuggeſted, that I might inform you of the Sentiments wherewith he inſpires me. Yes, beauteous *Mariana*, continued he, without giving me Time to anſwer him, you muſt have read in my Letter part of

what I feel for you, but I was able to diſcover it to you but imperfectly; my Paſſion is too ardent to be eaſily expreſſed: Forgive therefore the Faintneſs of my Expreſſions, in Conſideration of a Love, whoſe principal Eloquence conſiſts in it's Confuſion and it's Timidity.

I am ſo little accuſtomed to ſuch Speeches, replied I, that 'tis my Part to be in a Confuſion what Anſwer to make you; I am very ſenſible, my Lord, that I ought to keep ſome Meaſures with ſuch a Prince as you; but my Sincerity would agree very ill with my Complaiſance; wherefore I will freely own to you, that both your Letter and your Diſcourſe ſurprize me, but they affect me not. The Conſent of the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, my Father, has been publickly declared in Favour of the Prince your Son; and I ſhall not bluſh to own that my Heart followed it's Inclinations in obeying his Orders. The Prince and I, my Lord, have mutually exchanged our Hearts, I make no Secret of it; and muſt add to this Declaration, that if I can't be his, I will never, at leaſt, belong to a King, who at once violates all the Ties of Duty and of Nature.

Ah!

Ah! cruel *Mariana*, interrupted *Cherſeg*, ſighing, can you condemn a Love which all my Reaſon has not been able to overcome? Think you that I have not uſed my utmoſt Efforts to triumph over it? I know the Affection you bear my Son; I am no Stanger to my Oaths, and the Conditions of the Peace; but without having forgot them, I am ſenſible that I adore you, and that whilſt the King of *Illyria* lives, you ſhall never be in the Power of any other.

But, my Lord, interrupted the Queen, my Mother, think you that the *Deſpot* of *Servia* will conſent to the Love you are pleaſed to declare for *Mariana*, after he has given his Word to the Prince your Son? Altho' the Exchange may ſeem advantageous by the Crown you poſſeſs preferably to that Prince, think you that *Melphe* will ſuffer himſelf to be dazzled therewith? Undeceive yourſelf, my Lord, the Hearts of real Monarchs ought to be Slaves to their Promiſes, without ever being ſo to a deſpicable Intereſt, which is both beneath their Dignity and their Honour.

I know but too well, Madam, anſwered *Cherſeg* reſpectfully, that both Love on one Hand, and your Sentiments on the other, oppoſe my Happineſs; but I have at leaſt for me, the Suffrage of a Father and a King. Yes, Madam, continued he, *Melphe* conſents to make me happy; 'tis his Approbation which authorizes the Declaration of my Love; he is to mention it to the Princeſs; and I ſhall owe the Poſſeſſion of what I adore to his abſolute Orders, if I cannot obtain it by my Love and my Submiſſion.

Truſt not to that vain Hope, my Lord, interrupted I in my Turn; although you ſhould ſet me the Example not to obey the Dictates of Nature, I will ſubmit to the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, in renouncing the Prince of *Illyria*; but he can never conſtrain me to give my Hand to my Lover's Father, and Murtherer.

You are in the right, anſwered *Cherſeg* haſtily, to give me that laſt Title; the Prince may very well expect the moſt terrible Effects of my Indignation, if he renounces not your Heart, and his Pretenſions.

Think

Think him not capable of ſuch a Baſeneſs, interrupted I precipitately; he would ceaſe to be worthy of me, if ſhe ſhould ceaſe to imitate me; my Example at leaſt ſhall authorize his Reſolution, and his Fidelity. After theſe laſt Words I obſtinately kept Silence, and whatever the King could ſay to me, I would not vouchſafe to anſwer him: This Way of proceeding both ſurpriz'd and ſhock'd him, but could not diſcourage him as I had flatter'd myſelf.

Next Morning he again took his Place in the Queen's Chariot, making uſe of the ſame Pretence, as had ſerv'd him for a Cloak the Evening before; but neither that Day, nor thoſe that follow'd, proved a Jot more ſucceſsful to him. All his Diſcourſe and his Proteſtations were loſt in Air; and my Indifference ſeem'd ſo offenſive to him, that at laſt he could not help telling me; that tho' my Scorn could not leſſen his Love, it at leaſt ſharpen'd his Reſentment; and that ſince I would not vouchſafe to keep any Meaſures with him, he ſhould know very well how to make me repent it in the Perſon of one, who was as dear to me as myſelf.

This Threat made me tremble for the Prince of *Illyria*; but reſolving not to let *Cherſeg* ſee it, and beſides, not believing him capable to proceed to ſuch violent Extremities, I contented myſelf with looking at him in ſuch a Manner, as gave him ſufficiently to know, the little Effect either his Courtſhip or his Menaces had upon my Soul.

In this manner we arrived at *Montevero*; I could never ſpeak to the Prince of *Illyria*; they watch'd me with ſo much Care, that notwithſtanding our earneſt Deſire to come together, we could never meet with one favourable Opportunity: But you'd admire, ſage *Anthoras*, how far the Artifice and the Baſeneſs of the two Kings tranſported them. They cauſed one of my Women to write a Letter to the Prince, wherein I ſeem'd to inform him ſincerely, of all that the King of *Illyria* had ſaid to me during our Journey; they even made me expreſs myſelf very affectionately therein, that they might perſwade him the more fully that it was written by me. As *Cherſeg* had never ſeen any of my Writing, they eaſily judg'd that he would believe it mine; and that by this Means, another Letter which they deſigned

ſigned to have delivered to him in Time, and which was to acquaint him with my Levity, and my ambitious Views, would meet with Credit from him; ſince the Proofs of Love, and Inconſtancy, would all be written by the ſame Hand.

They ſucceeded but too well in their baſe Deſigns, ſince the unfortunate *Cherſeg* fell a Victim to them: It was from the Queen my Mother that I learnt theſe Particulars, long after they happen'd; ſhe having been told them by the *Deſpot* of *Servia* himſelf, who would fain have had her have been equally concern'd with himſelf in the baſe Treachery.

In the mean while I heard of the Prince's Impriſonment, a few Days after our Arrival, from the King my Father: Princeſs, ſaid he to me, prepare yourſelf to give your Hand willingly to the King of *Illyria*; if you withſtand my Orders, and his Affection, tremble at leaſt for the Prince you love, who groans at preſent in Chains, and will doubtleſs fall under the Rage of an exaſperated Rival. I neither can, nor will, defend him; and I command you, on pain of my Indignation, to accept the glorious Exchange which I propoſe to you. I know, pur-

ſued he, that your Mother oppoſes my Deſigns, but, I ſhall be eaſily able to prevent her croſſing them; I have juſt forbid her ſeeing you, and I order you to keep in your own Apartment, till your Heart is diſpoſed to obey my Commands. I give you but two Days to reſolve upon it, continued he; and if you refuſe to obey me, expect the moſt violent Effects of my Indignation, whilſt the King of *Illyria* will cruſh, with his Reſentment, an ungrateful and rebellious Son.

Having thus ſaid, *Melphe* went out of my Apartment, and left me ſo much ſurprized at this Diſcourſe, that I remained ſome Time motionleſs, without being able ſo much as to complain thereof; but giving Way at laſt to my juſt Grief, I utter'd ſuch moving Complaints and Lamentations, that it would have been difficult not to have been touch'd with Pity. All my Comfort was in one of my Women, who was entirely in my Intereſt; ſhe inform'd me that I was a Priſoner in my own Apartment, and that *Melphe* had expreſsly forbid my ſeeing the Queen.

It was not without Reaſon that he apprehended her generous Aſſiſtance; ſhe had heard, with Indignation, of the baſe

Deſigns

Deſigns that were hatching againſt us, and could not help inveighing againſt them with ſome Warmth; this was enough to render her ſuſpected, and cauſe her to be forbid ſeeing me. In the mean while *Cherſeg* came the very next Day to viſit me; Unjuſt *Mariana*, ſaid he, ſince your Heart ſtill continues averſe to my Love, I muſt make uſe of the Power of a Sovereign; I confeſs 'tis but an ill way to make one's ſelf beloved, but when one cannot pleaſe, and one adores, every thing ſeems lawful to an unfortunate Lover. I come then to tell you, that if you any longer refuſe to give me your Hand, the Prince of *Illyria*'s Life ſhall anſwer for your Refuſal.

Inhuman Monarch, cry'd I, thinkeſt thou to terrify me by thy Menaces? Know that thou ſhalt reap no Advantage from thy Barbarity, ſince the ſame Stroke that pierces the Prince of *Illyria*'s Heart, ſhall infallibly end my unfortunate Days: After this Confeſſion, purſued I, take thy laſt Reſolution, but be aſſured that I will execute mine without Heſitation; and that I ſhall prefer the moſt cruel Death, to the Horror of giving my Hand to the Tyrant of my Heart. Having thus ſaid,

ſaid, I went into my Cloſet, in ſpite of all *Cherſeg*'s Endeavours to detain me.

There it was that I gave myſelf up to my Deſpair, which was ſo violent, that I am not at all at a Loſs to imagine how People are tranſported to the laſt Extremities againſt their Lives, in the impetuous Moments which Fury inſpires. I don't even know to what Exceſs the Proſpect of my Misfortunes might have hurried me, if I had not ſeen *Creontine* enter the Cloſet. She approached me with a myſterious Air, and having looked carefully on all Sides, to ſee if we could not be overheard; ſhe informed me that ſhe had juſt been ſpeaking with the Queen my Mother, who had ordered her to bid me not deſpair, for ſhe was contriving a Way to deliver me from the odious Yoke that was deſigned me; and that, in ſhort, I muſt pretend to conſent to the *Deſpot* of *Servia*'s unjuſt Will, that I might the better deceive him. After this little Prelude, this affectionate Woman gave me a Letter from the Queen, which I opened haſtily, and found theſe Words, whoſe Memory will be ever dear to me.

Letter

Letter from the Queen of *Servia* to MARIANA.

I HOPE, my dear Daughter, that you are well enough convinced of my Affection for you, not to queſtion but your Misfortunes touch me as ſenſibly as yourſelf; if Nature did not induce me, the unworthy Treachery which is uſed towards you, and wherewith I am acquainted, would make me concern myſelf in Honour to defeat it. Wherefore, my dear Daughter, depend upon it I am preparing to relieve you; I have not Time to inform you of the Means I am going to uſe to deliver you from Captivity, 'tis ſufficient for you to know, that I have concerted Meaſures ſo rightly, that we may get far away from an Abode, from whence Virtue is fled for ever. 'Tis at the Court of the old Hoſpodar *of* Walachia, *my Father, where we ſhall find a Shelter from Injuſtice; but, my dear Daughter, you muſt feign to ſubmit to the Will of your Tyrants, that you may lull their Vigilance aſleep. Conſent then to every Thing; aſk only four Days Reſpite; at the end whereof be not afraid of following the King of* Illyria *to the Altar. I have given ſuch good Orders, that the ſame Night*

which

which he will believe the Completion of his Happineſs, ſhall become the firſt of your Liberty: This Diſſimulation is abſolutely neceſſary; as it ſuſpends their Suſpicions, and puts it in my Power to labour for our mutual Intereſt. Follow my Advice then exactly, my dear Daughter; and without ſuffering that venerable Ceremony, which is to conduct you before the Patriarch, to be compleated, pretend a ſudden Illneſs, and when you are retired to your Apartment, you ſhall come into the Arms of a Mother who loves you, and who fears not the Reproaches of an inenſed Huſband, to free you from a hateful Tyranny.

The reading of this Letter reſtored me to Life; I knew the Queen's Writing, wherefore I did not fear being deceived: Beſides, the Zeal and Fidelity of the Perſon who had delivered me this Paper, had long been known to me; I gave myſelf up then to ſome Rays of Hope, and even ventured to flatter myſelf with the Thoughts that after my Flight, the Prince of *Illyria* would be treated with leſs Severity, ſince the Object that cauſed all his Guilt would have made her Eſcape from the Power of his Rival. This Thought, which ſeemed to me very probable, reſtored my Mind a little to Reſt,

and

and ſet it ſo much at Eaſe, as to be able to aſſure the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, who came to ſee me next Day, that I was at laſt diſpoſed to obey his Orders; but that I begged him to allow me yet four or five Days Reſpite, that I might entirely conquer my Reluctancy to the Marriage he propoſed to me.

Melphe ſeemed charmed with my Reſolution, and granted me the Time I demanded, almoſt ſmothering me with Careſſes and Praiſes. He went afterwards, quite tranſported, to acquaint the King of *Illyria* with this happy News, who did not fail coming and aſſuring me of his eternal Gratitude. In the mean while, I charged the Queen's Confidante to promiſe her in my Name that I would obey her Orders punctually, and reſigned myſelf up abſolutely to her Prudence; but that if Chance ſhould make her generous Attempt miſcarry, Death ſhould free me from the cruel Puniſhment that was reſerved for me. I had ſcarcely given this Order, when the amorous *Cherſeg* entered my Apartment, and throwing himſelf immediately at my Feet, would have proved to me, by the moſt tender Proteſtations, the extream Pleaſure my Reſolution gave him.

I am

I am going then to poſſeſs what I adore, ſaid he, incomparable Princeſs; at laſt you vouchſafe to caſt a favourable Eye upon the moſt amorous of Mankind; your Heart is moved with my Pains, and you crown the Affection of the moſt paſſionate of all Mortals. Too happy *Cherſeg*, continued he, thou are going to enjoy a Happineſs whereof all the Earth ought to be jealous.

At another Time I could not have helped laughing at his extravagant Exaggerations, but I was then ſo much troubled, that I took but little Notice thereof; wherefore I contented myſelf with thanking him, and aſſuring him that I ſhould without Difficulty ſubmit to the Law that was impoſed on me. In this Manner I got rid of his Importunities, and was left alone to ruminate on the nice Undertaking wherein the Queen had ingaged me.

In the mean while great Preparations were made for our Nuptials; the King of *Illyria*, who would have them ſolemnized with the utmoſt Magnificence, ſparing no Coſt to render them pompous: I believe that all the Buſtle that was made

on

on this Occaſion, was as much to ſink the unhappy Prince under the Weight of ſuch an unexpected Stroke, as for his own Satisfaction. This Thought, which came immediately into my Head, drove me almoſt to Deſpair; I did not in the leaſt doubt but the unfortunate Prince would hear of the Preparations that were making, and would accuſe me of Inconſtancy; I found it impoſſible for me to undeceive him, which redoubled my juſt Grief; but I believed that the Flight, for which I was preparing, would be ſufficient to juſtify me. In effect, all Things were ſo well concerted, that I ſhould have left *Montevero* the very Day that I was conducted to the Altar, had it not been for the fatal Accident which diſappointed, and delayed our juſt Meaſures.

The Queen my Mother had ſtaid behind in the Palace, on Pretence of a violent Illneſs, and I went up to the Patriarch, with Deſign to put in Practice the Feint which had been agreed on, when the Arrival of the Prince of *Illyria* diſturbed the Ceremony, and baffled my Deſigns. He has, no Doubt, related to you to what an Exceſs of Fury he was tranſported; I ſaw him fall all bloody at my Feet. At this cruel Sight, I was not

Miſtreſs

Miſtreſs of myſelf; I threw myſelf headlong upon the bloody Sword of the unfortunate *Cherſeg*, with Deſign to have ſacrificed myſelf to the Ghoſt of that Prince; but I was prevented by the King of *Illyria*, who trembling at my Action, ſnatched from me the Sword, with which I ſhould otherwiſe, doubtleſs, have pierced my Heart.

No ſooner was it out of my Power to ſatisfy my Deſpair, than my Strength failing me on a ſudden, the Feint which I had reſolved on became a real Truth; for I loſt all my Senſes, and they carried me, as dead, to my own Apartment. 'Twas not 'till after a long Time, and Abundance of Care, that I at laſt opened my Eyes. On coming to myſelf, I ſaw the *Deſpot*, my Father, and the King of *Illyria*, very buſy in aſſiſting me; but rejecting with Indignation the Relief they offered: Barbarians, cry'd I, are you not ſatisfied with having cauſed the Death of the Prince of *Illyria*, but does your Inhumanity extend likewiſe to recalling me to Life? Ah! cruel Wretches, reſtore me what I love, or let me for ever loſe the Remembrance of the Horrors whereof my Eyes have been Witneſſes. Dear Prince, continued I, ceaſe to accuſe me of Ingratitude

titude and Inconſtancy; Death is going to reſtore me my Glory, which fatal Appearances concealed from thy Sight. But, alas! thou art no longer in a Condition to be ſenſible of my Love, and my Repentance: A fatal Deſtiny has hurried thee to the Grave; but, at leaſt, thy dear Shade ſhall not wait there long for me, I ſhall know how to meet thee, in ſpite of theſe inhuman Wretches who endeavoured to part us.

This Speech, which was uttered with great Vehemence, was accompanied with a Flood of Tears, and ſo many Sighs, that it was to have been feared that I ſhould have been ſuffocated therewith. Accordingly the two Kings, being in Deſpair at the Condition wherein they ſaw me, were forced, in ſpite of them, to own, that the Prince was not dead, and even that his Wound was not dangerous. Although this Aſſurance was inconceivably grateful to me, I durſt not indulge all the Joy it would have given me, fearing it was only an Artifice to appeaſe me; wherefore beginning my Lamentations anew: No, no, ſaid I, think not to impoſe upon me eaſily; I ſaw the unfortunate Prince weltering in his Blood, and am but too well aſſured that he has loſt

loſt his Life; Fate is not ſo propitious to me, to dare flatter my ſelf with the Hopes that it has been able to work a Miracle in my Favour.

'Tis certain, nevertheleſs, ſaid the *Deſpot* of *Servia* interrupting me, that the Prince has eſcaped the Effects of his own Fury; and I ſwear to you, dear Daughter, continued he, by the Oath that is moſt ſacred amongſt Kings, that he is even out of all Danger at preſent. Ah! my Lord, anſwered I incontinently, being hurried away by a Paſſion ſtronger than Reſpect; I muſt have better Sureties than your Oaths; your Mouth is uſed to utter them even at the Time when your Actions give them the Lye.

Melphe made as if he did not hear what ſtung him in this Repartee; but continued to confirm to me the Prince's Recovery; All who were then in my Apartment were likewiſe forced to aſſure me of a Truth, whereon all my future Peace depended; and I ſhou'd even have doubted it ſtill, if the Perſon whom I have already mentioned, and in whom I repoſed an entire Confidence, had not proteſted to me poſitively that they did not

impoſe

impoſe upon me, and that the Prince was actually out of Danger.

Hereupon I recovered a little Tranquillity, my Mind grew ſomewhat calm, and I began to repent of all that Deſpair had made me ſay; I was afraid indeed I had created ſome Suſpicions in the Minds of the Princes who had heard me; but I was again incouraged, as to this Point, by my Confidante, who aſſured me, as ſoon as all the Company was withdrawn, that I had ſpoken nothing which could give any miſtruſt of the Deſign I had form'd. She afterwards told me, that whatever Intreaties the Queen my Mother could uſe, to obtain the Liberty of ſeeing me, *Melphe* never would permit it; he too much dreaded her informing me of his pernicious Deſigns.

But notwithſtanding the Precautions of this Prince, whom it went againſt me to call Father, the officious Queen of *Servia* had me acquainted; that ſhe had heard from good Hands that the Prince was out of Danger, and that our Tyrants were preparing to remove him from *Montevero*, without being able to diſcover what Way they were going to ſend him: That, nevertheleſs, ſhe ordered me to take

take Courage; and that as ſoon as my Health wou'd allow it, we ſhou'd execute our firſt Deſign; the rather becauſe it was probable, that as ſoon as the Prince of *Illyria* ſhou'd be arrived at the Place of Exile, where they intended to confine him, he wou'd take Refuge at the Court of the *Hoſpodar* of *Walachia*, well knowing that he was the Queen of *Servia*'s Father, and that conſequently we might meet him there.

Theſe Reaſons ſeem'd to me ſo natural, that I no longer ſcrupled receiving the Remedies that were offer'd me; but my Strength not correſponding with my my Deſires, I fell into a Languiſhing which made them think my Life in Danger: Nevertheleſs the Goodneſs of my Conſtitution, my Youth, and the Hopes wherewith the Queen had me flattered every Day, recovered me in a ſmall Time.

I had ſcarcely begun to grow better when I heard of the Prince's Departure, without any Body's being able to diſcover the Place whither his Tyrants had ſent him; as I was prepared for this new Piece of Barbarity, I was not ſo much affected with it as I ſhould otherwiſe

wiſe have been; inſomuch that when *Melphe* came to tell it me, he was ſurpris'd at the Coldneſs wherewith I heard him. I am overjoy'd, ſaid he, after ſome moments Silence, that you begin to ſubmit to Reaſon, and to ſee the Advantage you will have in Marrying the King of *Illyria*. Prepare your ſelf for it therefore, 'tis only at that Price you can obtain Prince *Cherſeg*'s Liberty. Remember the Death of *Terophanes*, and the dreadful Oath which binds me to revenge it; wherefore to appeaſe me in ſome meaſure, take the King of *Illyria* for your Conſort. Conſider that nothing can ſave you from this Alliance; that you muſt yield to Neceſſity; and that, in ſhort, Duty, Honour, and Time, will inſpire your Soul with ſuch Sentiments, as, without proceeding from Love, will at leaſt have the Appearance of it, and will at the ſame Time have more Solidity.

My Lord, anſwered I, far be it from me to exclaim here againſt the unjuſt Tyranny wherewith you uſe me; my Complaints would be in vain, and I have long ſince found that Ambition has uſurped the Place of Nature in your Soul;

I muſt therefore ſubmit to Orders, which, as barbarous and unnatural as they ſeem, are preſcribed me by my Father, and my Sovereign, and conſequently muſt be dear to me. Command therefore, my Lord, and I will obey without murmuring; prepare this fatal Marriage, and you ſhall ſee me go to the Alter with a trembling Hand, and an invincible Reluctancy, but at the ſame Time with an innocent, ſubmiſſive, and reſpectful Heart.

No ſooner had I utterred theſe laſt Words, but *Melphe* embraced me, and vow'd to love me infinitely if I wou'd reſolve on performing what I had juſt promiſed. The King of *Illyria* likewiſe, who had hid himſelf behind the Hangings, that he might be Witneſs to this Converſation, came out haſtily and fell at my Knees, vowing an eternal Love to me, and aſſuring me that I ſhould never have Cauſe to repent of having crown'd his Happineſs. I received him with Coldneſs enough, whatever Pains I took to put a Conſtraint on myſelf; but my Heart was ſo much exaſperated at the barbarous Effects of his Love, that I could not help looking on him with Horror: Nevertheleſs he ſeemed ſatisfy'd; Love and

and Hope are inſeparable Companions in a Heart really ſmitten; every thing flatters a Lover, and nothing can deſtroy his Paſſion.

The King of *Illyria* therefore was eaſily perſwaded, that I at laſt was conquered by the ardent Paſſion which he expreſſed for me, and taking his Leave, after having again ſworn a thouſand Times, to bear me an inviolable Love and Reſpect, haſten'd to make freſh Preparations for a Marriage, on which his Happineſs ſeemed entirely to depend. As for my Part, I was no ſooner at Liberty, than I wrote to the Queen, my Mother, informing her of all that had juſt paſſed between the two Monarchs and me. I aſſured her that my Strength being entirely recovered, I was in a Condition to follow her; wherefore it was neceſſary to execute our Deſign again as ſoon as poſſible, becauſe it was probable that the King of *Illyria* would allow me but little Reſpite to perform my Promiſe; and that in ſhort every Thing ought to induce us to haſten our Departure.

It was not long before I received as favourable an Anſwer as I could have wiſhed: The Queen ſent me Word, that

next Night without fail, after all my Women were withdrawn, I had nothing to do but to go into the Palace-Gardens by a private Stair-Caſe, with the only Perſon in whom I repoſed a Confidence; and that there I ſhould meet with thoſe, who, conducting me into her Arms, ſhould deliver me from a Marriage to which I was to fall a Victim. 'Tis eaſy to imagine the Impatience wherewith I expected the Hour which the Queen had appointed; nevertheleſs Trouble and Fear, the uſual Companions of a daring Attempt, filled my Head with melancholy Thoughts. I did not doubt but the two Kings would have us cloſe purſued, in order to get us again into their Power; and I had all the Reaſon in the World to dread the Effects of their Cruelty, if Fortune ſhould again deliver me into their Hands; but, in ſhort, Death, for which I prepared myſelf, if I could not avoid this Misfortune, reſtored me in ſome Meaſure to Tranquility.

I ſpent the Day then without letting any Trouble appear in my Countenance; on the contrary, I affected an Air of Satisfaction; I beheld the King of *Illyria* with leſs Hatred, and heard with Mildneſs enough the Proteſtations which his

his Love induced him to make, whereat he ſeemed to be tranſported. *Melphe* participated in his Joy, and loaded me with Praiſes and Careſſes; at laſt the Night, for which I had long impatiently wiſh'd, freed me from their troubleſome Diſcourſe, and enabled me to put my Enterprize in Execution.

To this Purpoſe I pretended a ſlight Indiſpoſition, and went to bed very early; after which I diſmiſſed all my Women, and ordered them not to enter my Chamber 'till very late next Morning. They were hardly gone out, when, with the Aſſiſtance of the only Perſon who was to accompany my Flight, I got up haſtily, and having furniſhed myſelf with all my Jewels, went into the Gardens, and got to a back Door which opened into the Country. There it was I met the Queen my Mother; our Embraces were tender and ſincere; but as we had no Time to loſe, we got both into a little open Chaiſe, drawn by four very ſwift Horſes. All our Attendants were two Men on Horſeback, the Coachman, and one of my Women, who was equally faithful to the Queen and myſelf. We travelled this Night with incredible Speed, by the Help of the

Relays which we found from Time to Time.

'Twas during this that the Queen informed me of all the Treachery which I have related to you; and we began to flatter ourſelves with the Hopes of being able to eſcape from our Tyrants. But it ſeems, that if Fortune faulters ſometimes in the Proſperity ſhe procures, ſhe is for ever conſtant in the Adverſity ſhe cauſes: This we ſoon found by ſorrowful and fatal Experience.

The Queen could not long ſupport the Fatigue of our precipitate Flight; it's extream Rapidity wearied her to that Degree, we were obliged to ſtop in a Hamlet at ſome Diſtance from the main Road; this Delay cauſed all our Misfortunes by giving the *Deſpot* of *Servia* Time to overtake us. Scarce had we got ſome few Leagues from the unfortunate Village, where my Mother's Indiſpoſition had forced us to ſtay one Night, but we were ſurrounded by ſeven Men on Horſeback, at the Head of whom was *Melphe* himſelf.

Perfidious

Perfidious Wretches, cry'd he, ſtopping our Horſes, you thought to eſcape my juſt Anger; but, thank Heaven, I have it ſtill in my Power to make you repent your Boldneſs. And you, raſh Spouſe, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the Queen, is it thus then that you anſwer my Intentions? Do you favour the Deſigns of a young bold Girl, to the Prejudice of your Duty and of Virtue? But I ſhall know how to teach you what is due to an incenſed Maſter, ſince you are ignorant what is due to a Huſband.

During this Diſcourſe the Queen melted into Tears, inſtead of returning any Anſwer; As for me, ſtriving to ſurmount my natural Timidity, I look'd upon the King with a reſpectful Confidence: My Lord, ſaid I, think it not ſtrange that the Queen was willing to ſecure me from a hateful Perſecution, 'twas only by procuring me the means to fly away, that ſhe cou'd preſerve my Life; wherefore 'tis only upon me that you ought to vent your Rage. I expect it without trembling, having in my Conrage and my Virtue the certain means to make myſelf amends; but don't confound the Innocence of the Queen with

this pretended Crime; Horror and Indignation were the Cauſes of the latter, and Nature and Reaſon occaſion'd the firſt.

The *Deſpot* of *Servia* did not vouchſafe any Anſwer to this Diſcourſe, but making the Chaiſe turn back, obliged us to return to the Hamlet where we had lain the Night before; but alas! this Place was doubly fatal to us. Not only we were informed that a flying Camp of the *Turks* had lately enter'd *Illyria*, on that ſide where we then were; but the Queen my Mother being overcome with her Grief, exaſperated with the unjuſt Reproaches of her Husband, and fatigued by the length of our Journey, fell dangerouſly ill that very Evening.

As ſhe was without Help, ſhe was ſoon paſt Hope, and I ſaw her reduced to the laſt Extremity, with inexpreſſible Anguiſh. But, good Heaven! Shall I dare to own the Inhumanity of the *Deſpot* of *Servia*! So little was he mov'd with the Queen's deplorable Condition, that he did not ſo much as vouchſafe to enter the Chamber of that unfortunate Princeſs. As for me, I never ſtirr'd from her Bed-ſide; the State wherein I

ſaw

ſaw her pierced me with Agonies: I endeavour'd, nevertheleſs, to conceal part of my grief, for fear of increaſing her Illneſs; but this courageous Princeſs, obſerving, in ſpite of me, the conſtraint I put upon myſelf:

Weep your fill, dear *Mariana*, ſaid ſhe, give free vent to your Tears, which you in vain ſtrive to refrain, they cannot terrify me; you loſe in me a tender Mother, whoſe Aſſiſtance, or, at leaſt, whoſe boundleſs Affection, might have alleviated your Troubles; I abandon you to your Perſecutors; but, Princeſs, don't confound them; remember that to one of them you owe your Birth, and that this Title ought to inſpire you with Affection and Reſpect, whilſt you owe the other no other Return but Averſion and Diſdain. I don't mention the Sentiments of Pity which my Fate ought to create in you; Nature on one Hand, and Gratitude on the other, can't fail of touching your Heart in the moſt ſenſible Part; but, Princeſs, your Reaſon muſt teach you to overcome your Sorrow; think, in order to allay it, on the wretched Condition to which the *Deſpot* of *Servia*'s Anger was going to reduce me; being expoſed to his Scorn, liable hourly to his

Miſtruſt, and a Prey to his Fury, I ſhou'd have paſſed my Days in continual Alarms; beſides, I ſhould have ſeen you obey, or die; What a diſmal Alternative was this for a reaſonable and tender Mother? What ſhou'd I not have ſuffer'd? Death delivers me from ſo many Horrors; the only Concern that accompanies me to the Grave, is to ſee you unfortunate, without any other Succour but your Love for the Prince of *Illyria*; which will perhaps bring you to a fatal End: O Heavens! cry'd out faintly this tender Princeſs; protect the unhappy *Mariana*, 'tis your Goodneſs which I implore, I ſhou'd have nothing more to deſire upon Earth, if I could hope that my Wiſh wou'd be accompliſhed.

Embrace me, Daughter, continued ſhe, giving me her Hand, I find I decay, my Eyes grow heavy, I die. At theſe laſt Words, the Queen loſt all her Senſes, and ſoon expired in ſpite of all our Care.

Why cannot I repreſent to you, ſage *Anthoras*, how great was my Deſpair at this diſmal Sight! my Cries and Lamentations ſoon inform'd *Melphe* of the Death of his Spouſe; he did not ſo much

much as appear moved thereat; but, after having given the neceſſary Orders for her Funeral, commanded me, with a Paſſion that border'd upon Madneſs, to prepare myſelf next Morning to accompany him to *Montevero*. I muſt confeſs to you that his Hardheartedneſs made me ſhudder; and looking on him with Indignation; I ſee plainly, my Lord, that you are not yet ſatisfy'd with the Death you have juſt given the Queen my Mother; your barbarous Soul reſolves likewiſe to make a Sacrifice of your Daughter; I prepare myſelf for it therefore with Pleaſure, and ſhall ſubmit to it without a Murmur; being ſenſible that if my Life ſhou'd be prolong'd, I ſhou'd doubtleſs forget that I owe my Birth to you, and perhaps ſhou'd even bluſh one Day that ever I was indebted to you for it. Wherefore, my Lord, to preſerve my Innocence and my Reſpect, haſte and conduct me to the King of *Illyria*, to the End that my Death may retain me within the Bounds of a Duty, which all my Reaſon can with Difficulty preſerve in my Heart.

Die, ungrateful Daughter, cry'd the furious *Deſpot* of *Servia*, but expect no Complaiſance from me; I will carry

you to *Montevero*, where I will force your Inclinations by compelling you to obey my Orders: Then if you prefer Death to your Duty, I ſhall ſee you expire without any Regret, too well ſatisfy'd with having kept the Alliance I have ſworn to the King of *Illyria*, at the Exof a Princeſs's Life, who can be no longer dear to me, ſince ſhe oppoſes my juſt Deſigns.

Having thus ſaid, *Melphe* went from me, and I paſs'd that Night the moſt cruelly in the World; my Mother's Death, and the Proſpect of my Misfortunes, fill'd me with ſuch cutting Anguiſh, that I am aſtoniſh'd I did not ſink under it. At laſt, Day appear'd, and with it the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, who order'd me to put on my Cloaths, which I did without replying, and placed myſelf with him in the ſame Chaiſe which had brought me thither. Nevertheleſs, I was ſo weak, and ſo alter'd, that any other but the pitileſs *Melphe*, wou'd at leaſt have granted me ſome Days Reſpite, in conſideration of the melancholy Condition to which I was then reduced. But his Heart was not in the leaſt moved therewith, and we began to ſet out towards *Caſtelnovo*, a little Port on the Coaſt of *Illyria*; ſeveral Couriers

Couriers having arrived at *Montevero*, with certain News, that a little flying Camp of the *Turks* had enter'd *Cherſeg's* Territories, and began to commit divers Acts of Hoſtility therein.

This Aſſurance made *Melphe* fear ſuch a fatal Accident; wherefore he reſolved to gain the Sea-ſide, and ſail along the Coaſts of *Illyria*, altho' it was much the fartheſt Way about to reach *Montevero*. He imagin'd that this was infinitely the moſt prudent Courſe; but, good Heavens! Who can Anſwer for the Accidents of this Life! What we do to avoid a Danger, is often what precipitates us therein; as we ſoon found by fatal Experience.

We had embark'd at *Caſtelnovo*, on board a little *Felucca*, which by its Swiftneſs ſeem'd to promiſe us a ſafe and ſpeedy Paſſage; the Wind favour'd us, and we had already doubled Cape *Dulcino*, when we were attack'd by a *Turkiſh* Brigantine, which lay hid behind a Promontory that ran out into the Sea. Altho' the two Ships were by no means of equal Force, the *Deſpot* of *Servia*, who was actually one of the moſt valiant Men in the World, put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence,

Defence, and for ſome Time held the Victory in Suſpenſe; but his Death, with that of moſt of his Domeſticks, ſoon brought me into the Power of the *Barbarians*.

To compleat my Misfortunes, my dear *Creontine* receiv'd a mortal Wound in the Fight, which deprived me of her Aſſiſtance, I was expoſed therefore alone to the Brutality of theſe Corſairs. By good Luck, the Captain of the Brigantine ſhow'd me more Indulgence, than one ought reaſonably to expect from a Pirate; he ask'd me my Name with Civility enough, and ſwore by *Mahomet*, that he was better ſatisfy'd with having taken me, then he ſhould have been with the Capture of a larger Veſſel. I took Care however not to acquaint him with my real Condition, but paſs'd upon him for a meer private Perſon, and remain'd with him and divers other Captains, all the reſt of the Summer Seaſon, without his being able to diſcover what was my real Quality.

Our Captain, who, by what I can judge, was a good honeſt *Tar*, took ſeveral other Prizes, with which we put into a little *Turkiſh* Port, from whence

we

we ſet out for *Conſtantinople*. The very next Day I was preſented to the Governeſs of the *Odalicks*, who ran to inform the *Grand Seignior* of her new Purchaſe. Although *Mahomet* III. was the moſt libidinous of Mankind, he did not expreſs much eagerneſs to ſee me; He was ſtill ſo paſſionately in Love with the *Sultana Phílatra*, a Native of *Cyprus*, that he ſeem'd to diſdain all the reſt of the Sex.

This Indifference pleaſed me, doubtleſs, infinitely more than my unworthy Competitors; 'twas the only Happineſs that cou'd befal me in my deplorable Condition: In Effect, ſage *Anthoras*, was ever any Thing comparable to my Misfortunes! I had loſt a tender Lover without any Hopes of ever ſeeing him again, and he doubtleſs thought me falſe; I had cauſed the Death of the Queen my Mother, and that of the *Deſpot* my Father; and I ſaw myſelf without Protector or Friends, ſhut up for ever in a melancholy Abode, and confounded with wretched Slaves, whoſe Hearts breathed only after impure Deſires.

Accordingly theſe Thoughts recurring perpetually to my Imagination, had plung'd me

me in a melancholy, which in all probability did not ſeem likely to end but with my Life. I kept almoſt always cloſe in the *Oda* of the *Odalicks*; I dreaded the Sight of the *Sultan*; and although I ſhou'd have preferr'd Death to Ignominy, his Character and his Violence made me tremble. I went ſo ſeldom into the *Seraglio* Gardens, that this no doubt was the Reaſon which prevented my knowing that *Cherſeg* was ſo near me.

Already almoſt a Year was elaps'd ſince I had lived in this manner, when young *Mahomet*, the *Sultan*'s ſecond Son, forgetting his Father's Clemency in pardoning his firſt Rebellion, preſum'd a ſecond Time to conſpire againſt his Highneſs. The *Sultaneſs Mira*, his Mother, who was born in *Boſſine*, had ſo much Weakneſs, in Regard to her Son, to enter into this dangerous Conſpiracy. She grounded her Hopes upon the flattering Anſwer of an Aſtrologer, who had aſſured her that the Prince wou'd reign in a ſhort Time by a Revolt; but the *Sultan* having ſeaſonably diſcover'd the black Combination, cauſed young *Mahomet* to be ſtrangled; and after having loaded the imprudent *Mira* with his

juſt

juſt Reproaches, had her thrown into the Sea.

This bloody Cataſtrophe cauſed abundance of Noiſe in the *Seraglio*; and although the Puniſhment was juſt, it ſeem'd too inhuman: Every one knows the barbarous Cuſtom of the *Turks*; it is common amongſt them, but nevertheleſs it is abhorr'd. Even *Mahomet* himſelf, after his firſt Tranſports of Paſſion were over, was ſurpriz'd at his new Cruelty; the Complaints of *Mira*, and the Image of his Son follow'd him every where; not even the Preſence of his dear *Philatra* was able to baniſh theſe melancholy Thoughts from his Mind: In ſhort, the *Sultan* became ſo different from what he had been till then, that they began to dread the Conſequences of ſuch a profound Sorrow.

Hereupon ſome Time after the Death of Prince *Mahomet*, his *Highneſs's* Emiſſaries being deſirous of reſtoring Peace to his Mind by all manner of Means, ſpoke to him ſo advantageouſly of the Princeſs *Felicia*'s Beauty, that the weak *Sultan* order'd ſhe ſhou'd be taken, whether by Force, or otherwiſe, from her Father's Palace, and be brought into his Preſence. 'Tis certain

tain that the Arrival of this incomparable Perſon in the *Seraglio*, was like the blazing out of a bright Star, which will ſhow itſelf in the darkeſt Night; all the *Sultana*'s trembled, and with Reaſon, at a Competition ſo fatal to their Deſigns; but none of them yet knew the Character of the illuſtrious *Felicia*: In vain had *Mahomet* Recourſe both to Prayers and Menaces, he cou'd not move the Heart of this lovely Princeſs.

The Conformity which appear'd between her Humour and mine, together with the Equality of our Birth, gave me an extreme Deſire of being acquainted with her more particularly; and I found no Difficulty in gaining her Good-will, after having related to her my Misfortunes. We enter'd then into the ſtricteſt Friendſhip, and I ſympathiz'd in her Deſpair, on receiving ſome time afterwards the News of *Oſman*'s entire Defeat. They even aſſured us that 'twas not known what was become of the *Vizier*, and that as for *Sultan Jakaya* he had diſappeared on a ſudden from the Army ſome Days before the Battle.

This News, which was ſoon ſpread all over the *Seraglio*, cauſed ſuch a lively Grief

Grief in the amiable *Felicia*, that I thought a hundred Times ſhe wou'd have dy'd. I had imagin'd till that Moment, that my own particular Misfortunes had render'd me inſenſible of thoſe of others; but I found, on this Occaſion, that the Pains wherein a tender Friendſhip makes one ſympathize, are ſcarcely inferior to thoſe one feels on one's own Account: I beſtow'd then my utmoſt Care upon this lovely Friend, who fell dangerouſly ill.

During theſe Tranſactions, the *Sultan*, whom nothing had been able to comfort for his Son's Death, and the Loſs of *Mira*, was attack'd in the midſt of the *Seraglio*, with a contagious Diſtemper, which was then very rife at *Conſtantinople*, and was carried off in a few Days. Almoſt as ſoon as he had breath'd his laſt, young *Achmet* was proclaim'd Emperor: I took great Care to conceal this News from *Felicia*, well knowing that it entirely ruin'd her Hopes, ſince it overthrew all the Deſigns of Prince *Jakaya*; the Sickneſs of this charming Princeſs was ſo violent, that the leaſt Addition to it wou'd undoubtedly have kill'd her.

In

In the mean while there was extraordinary caballing in the *Seraglio*, for the Government of the Empire during the *Grand Signior*'s Minority. The *Sultana Baffo*, Widow to *Amurath* III. and conſequently Grandmother to his *Highneſs*, had flatter'd herſelf with the Hopes of preſerving the ſame Authority as ſhe had enjoy'd during the Reign of *Mahomet*; but the *Validé* made the *Divan* incline at laſt to her Side, and obtain'd an Imperial Mandate which confin'd the *Sultana Baffo*, to the old *Seraglio*.

During theſe Diſputes, young *Achmet*, who troubled himſelf very little about the Succeſs of this Conteſt, and who was of an amorous Conſtitution, fell in Love with one of his Mother's Slaves, nam'd *Keira-Kaden*, who by her ill Conduct cauſed ſome Time after a Revolt in *Conſtantinople*, to which ſhe fell the principal Victim. But without digreſſing any more to recite Events which have no manner of Relation to my Story, I will return to the charming *Felicia*, whom her good Conſtitution, and her Youth, ſaved againſt her Will.

'Twas

'Twas with an infinite Joy that I ſaw this amiable Friend paſt Danger; but if ſhe was reſtor'd to Life, 'twas with ſuch a cruel Oppreſſion upon her Spirits, that this inanimate State wou'd have mov'd the moſt barbarous Soul to Compaſſion: I was affected with it to the laſt Degree; but, alas! how cou'd I pretend to cure her of a Diſtemper, with which I was overwhelmed myſelf! In the mean while Fortune, who was not yet weary of perſecuting us, raiſed us up a new ſort of Vexation.

Some Days after that the Slave *Keira-Kaden* had been deliver'd up to the Fury of the Soldiers, the *Sultan*, who had often heard *Felicia*'s Beauty ſpoken of with Admiration, and who had not yet ſeen her on Account of her Illneſs, order'd the Governeſs of the *Odalicks* ſo poſitively to bring her to him, that ſhe was at laſt forced to obey. *Felicia* made her Appearance then before his *Highneſs*, and although ſhe was afflicted with a Languor, which one wou'd have thought wou'd have robb'd her of half her Charms, the ſuſceptible *Achmet* became paſſionately in Love with her at firſt Sight.

He

He even declared it to her, as a piece of News which muſt be infinitely pleaſing to her; but *Felicia*, without tranſgreſſing the Bounds of the Reſpect that was due to him, anſwer'd him with ſo much Haughtineſs and Pride, that he eaſily found the Conqueſt of her Heart was not reſerv'd for him. Nevertheleſs he reſolv'd to try all manner of Ways to gain her; It ſhall not be as a Maſter, or a Sovereign, that I will pretend to poſſeſs your Heart, ſaid he, when he left her, but it ſhall be as a tender and ſubmiſſive Lover that will try all means to make himſelf beloved.

The Princeſs came immediately to inform me of this new Misfortune; is there a Fate more barbarous than mine, dear *Mariana*, ſaid ſhe? Every thing ſeems to conſpire to redouble my Pains. The *Sultan* loves me, and this illuſtrious Conqueſt, which ſo many miſerable Slaves envy, now fills up the meaſure of my Misfortunes. I ſee plainly, continued ſhe, that I muſt reſolve to die, if I will avoid the Horrors that are preparing for me in this fatal Abode.

Think

Think not, dear *Felicia*, interrupted I, that I will endeavour to diſſuade you from a Reſolution, with which I wou'd Arm myſelf in the ſame Caſe; but before we give ourſelves over to Deſpair, let us try all means to ſecure ourſelves. Undoubtedly the Amorous *Achmet* will lay at your Feet all that is moſt precious in his Treaſury; let us make uſe of his Preſents to corrupt the Fidelity of ſome Slaves who may procure us our Liberty: Let us fly from this fatal Place, and go in ſearch of what we Love to the utmoſt Parts of the Earth.

I had ſcarcely utter'd theſe words, when *Phriné*, a Woman of Intrigue in the *Seraglio*, and the ſame who paſſed the Night in the Cabinet of the Water-houſe with the *Grand Signior*, by the Addreſs of *Cherſeg*, came to viſit *Felicia* in his *Highneſs*'s Name. She was laden with Preſents of great Value, which *Felicia* durſt not refuſe; but tho' ſhe receiv'd them with Reſpect, ſhe accompanied it with ſuch a diſdainful Air, that *Phriné* was ſurpriz'd thereat. She cou'd not help expreſſing it; but *Felicia* ſtopping her ſhort: 'Tis enough, *Phriné*, ſaid ſhe, I ask none of your Advice, it is too unworthy

worthy of me; 'tis not for mercen
Souls like your's, to penetrate into S
timents whereof they have no Noti
This ſaid, ſhe made a Sign to her to
gone, which ſhe immediately did with
daring to reply.

In the mean while *Achmet*'s Love,
came ſo violent, that all the *Seraglio*
ſoon inform'd thereof; he gave
ſingular, and yet ſuch ſubmiſſive, Pr
thereof, that every one was ſurpriz'
ſuch an uncommon way of making L
in a Place where the *Sultan*'s Will is
only Law.

This tender and reſpectful Cour
laſted above a Month; during which
cia left no Stone unturn'd to gain over
of the Slaves; for my Part I alſo ſp
no Pains for that purpoſe; but we
found, to our Sorrow, that all our
bour was in vain. What redoubled
Deſpair was, that young *Achmet* bega
be wearied out by *Felicia*'s obſtinate
ſiſtance, and hinted to her every
ment, that ſince his tender Love c
not gain him her Heart, he wou'd a
make uſe of his Right to talk as a
ſter.

This Threat made *Felicia* tremble; ſhe was always ready to have Recourſe to the moſt violent Extremities againſt her Life: At laſt, no longer knowing what Courſe to take, ſhe made an old Slave, who was entirely devoted to her, write a Letter, whoſe Superſcription was this; *To the firſt Generous Unknown:* (the ſame which was delivered to Prince *Jakaya* without knowing him.) Then calling the Slave cloſe to her; *Kava*, ſaid ſhe, go into the *Seraglio* Gardens, and give this Letter dextrouſly to the firſt Perſon you meet; my Life depends upon it; for, if I have no Relief to morrow, I will ſacrifice my Life to preſerve my Honour.

Kava promis'd punctually to obey, and went out to execute this Order; a Moment after the *Sultan* came into *Felicia*'s Apartment, and propoſed to her to walk in the Gardens, which ſhe refuſed on pretence of a ſlight Indiſpoſition. I was then with her, and was a Witneſs of *Achmet*'s paſſionate Addreſſes; but the Princeſs repulſing him with her uſual Haughtineſs: Thou abuſeſt my Weakneſs, and my Love, ſaid the *Sultan* at laſt, but, ungrateful *Felicia*, that ſhalt ſoon know what it is to have an exaſpe-

rated Lover, when his Power is equal to his Deſires. At theſe words he walked away from the Princeſs, giving her a terrible Look as he turn'd from her.

I muſt own to you that his Threats made me tremble; wherefore going up to *Felicia*, who was diſſolv'd in Tears, I accompanied her in her Complaints; and far from diſſuading her from the fatal Deſign ſhe had form'd againſt her Life, I was reſolv'd to imitate her: Her Misfortunes had ſo greatly added to my own, that I look'd upon Death as the only Hope and Refuge of the Unfortunate. I confeſs'd to her ingenuouſly what was my Intention, and we fortify'd each other in this generous Reſolution; nevertheleſs we reſolved to wait till the next Night before we put it in Execution.

The Appointment *Felicia* had made in the Cabinet of Statues, left us ſtill a Ray of Hope; but it was ſo ſmall, that we hardly durſt mention it to each other: In Effect, What probability was there that we might rely on the Aſſiſtance of an *Unknown*, who in all likelihood muſt dread his *Highneſs*'s juſt Revenge? Beſides, *Kava* had aſſured us, that ſhe had given

given *Felicia*'s Note to one of the Journeymen Gardeners, with whom the *Sultan* had made himſelf Sport ſome Moments after, having found him a Natural.

So many ſubſtantial Reaſons ought to have depriv'd us of all Hope; but we always flatter ourſelves, eſpecially when the Caſe is to prolong our Lives. We accuſed ourſelves of Weakneſs in depending upon a *Chimæra*; nevertheleſs we cou'd not help laying ſome ſtreſs upon it. We were in this Condition, when an old Slave, belonging to the *Seraglio*, whom we had already try'd to bribe, enter'd *Felicia*'s Apartment; and after having highly exaggerated the dangerous Step ſhe took for our Sakes, aſſured us that our Fate moved her with Pity, and to give us an authentick Proof thereof deliver'd into *Felicia*'s Hands a Note, which ſhe ſaid came from *Sultan Jakaya*, who lay concealed in *Conſtantinople*.

Although the Princeſs did not know the Writing to be that Prince's, ſhe nevertheleſs gave Credit to the Purport of the Note; ſhe was overjoy'd thereat, and we loaded the old Slave with Preſents and Careſſes. *Felicia* then wrote

an Anſwer to the Prince, and ſent him word, that next Night without fail ſhe wou'd be at the Cabinet of the Statues, as he deſired, with one of her Friends who wou'd accompany her in her Flight. Never was Moment expected with more Impatience; at laſt it came; then it was that we deem'd the Appointment, *Felicia* had made with the *Generous Unknown*, as abſolutely imaginary; nevertheleſs to that it was we ow'd all our Happineſs.

You know, ſage *Anthoras*, the fortunate Chance that brought us together; you are no Stranger to our Flight from *Conſtantinople*; but you can neither know, nor comprehend, but imperfectly, the Pleaſure I feel in having found again the Prince of *Illyria*, as affectionate and faithful to me, as I Vow to be all my Life conſtant to ſuch a perfect Lover.

Thus did the beauteous Princeſs of *Servia* conclude her Relation, and left her illuſtrious Hearers charm'd with her Wit and her Virtue: As for *Cherſeg*, not being able to be Maſter of his Raptures, he fell at the Feet of that admirable Lady, where he endeavour'd to perſuade her how ſenſible he was of her Fidelity,

delity, by the moſt paſſionate Acknowledgements; and by Expreſſions which Love and Joy animated with a lively and and perſwaſive Eloquence.

Juſt Heaven! cry'd he, is there a Fortune equal to mine! I again ſee *Mariana*, and I again find her faithful! Good God! how thou repayeſt with Uſury the Evils thou haſt made me ſuffer. Happy Pains, continued he! Adorable Misfortunes! How ought I for ever to bleſs your ſweet Cruelties! ſince a Diſcovery, as unforeſeen as agreeable was to be the Reward of your Injuſtice. Ah! *Mariana*, added this tender Prince, of all the Diſaſters which till this Moment have imbitter'd my Life, the fatal Thought of your Infidelity prevented my feeling the Weight of my other Croſſes. That alone was all my Torture; and I cannot now make you comprehend the Exceſs of my preſent Joys, but by giving you an Idea of the Exceſs of my paſt Afflictions.

During this Diſcourſe, *Cherſeg* cou'd not refrain his Tears, but bath'd the beauteous *Mariana*'s Hands therewith, whilſt ſhe not being able to help weeping in her Turn, intermingled her Tears

and Careſſes with thoſe of ſuch a faithful Lover. This moving Sight produc'd the Effect which it ought naturally to produce; all who were Witneſſes of ſuch an affecting Gratitude cou'd not help being moved likewiſe; and *Felicia*, who had long intereſted herſelf in the Fortune of the Princeſs of *Servia*, and who knew her Story, and her moſt ſecret Thoughts, ſeem'd more ſenſibly affected therewith then any one. *Jakaya*, *Anthoras*, and his amiable Family, teſtify'd by their Applauſes with what ſatisfaction they ſymphathiz'd in the Tranſports of theſe two faithful Lovers.

Love prepoſſeſſes us in it's Favour; when Virtue is the Support of it's Empire; *Cherſeg* and *Mariana* deſerved a particular Diſtinction for their noble Sentiments. Prince *Jakaya* alone cou'd boaſt of equalling them, whilſt *Felicia* might flatter herſelf with the Thoughts of having ſurpaſs'd them. In Effect, this admirable Maiden ſupported Adverſity with a Greatneſs of Soul, which the moſt famous Heroes wou'd have found it difficult to imitate.

Anthoras had too much Wit and Politeneſs not to be ſenſible of the uncommon

mon Merit of his Gueſts; accordingly he took all imaginable Pains to teſtify to them his Reſpect and Eſteem. *Acles* and *Zulimo* did not fail going every Day to the City of *Nicea*; where they heard of the *Sultan*'s Anger at the Negligence of thoſe he had employ'd in ſearch of the Great-Gardener and the *Sultana*'s: They were likewiſe Witneſſes of the freſh Orders, that were given out on all Sides, to guard all the Paſſages that they might not eſcape; and made *Anthoras* and the two Princes tremble, notwithſtanding the Safety of their Sanctuary. *Jakaya* and *Cherſeg* were in continual Fears that ſome Troops wou'd come in queſt of them, even in their dark Abode; as they were able to find it out, it might happen, that they might be ſurpriz'd there likewiſe: True Love is always fearful. They durſt therefore hardly ever ſtir from *Anthoras*'s Grotto, but uſed to watch alternatively, and paſs'd the Night by Turns in ſtanding Centinels, to prevent Surprizes.

One Night, above all, when *Jakaya* and *Zulimo* were walk'd out together, and were lying by the Light of the Moon under ſome Trees; their Ears were ſtruck with a Noiſe they heard:

'Twas of two Perſons who were talking to each other as they walk'd ſoftly towards the Entrance of the Cave. Doubt it not, my Lord, ſaid one of them, 'tis in this uninhabited Abode that you will ſoon meet the Object of your Love: *Anthoras* and his Family dwell therein, and under the Habits of *Derviſes* diſguiſe their real Quality from prying Eyes.

'Tis not a ſimple Conjecture which makes me ſpeak to you with ſo much Certainty; I have ſeveral Times follow'd *Acles* and *Zulimo* unperceiv'd; they go almoſt every Day to *Nicea* in Hermit's Habits. I have enquired carefully after the Place of their Reſidence, and had confirm'd to me, what my Eyes had before convinc'd me of ſeveral Times. 'Tis upon this Aſſurance that I have made you come ſo far *Incognito*, to make you Maſter of a Bleſſing without which you cannot live.

What am not I indebted to your Zeal, dear *Thirpaz*, interrupted he who had not yet ſpoken? Accordingly you may depend upon the Effects of my Graditude, if I can get the beauteous *Zennora* in my Power. I wou'd not truſt any one but myſelf

myſelf with a Deſign of this Importance; I ſacrifice my Dignity to the Pleaſure of ſatisfying my Love. Let us go on then, purſued he, and diſcover the Mouth of the Cave which you have mention'd to me, after which we will go and inform the *Sangiack* of *Nicea* of a Diſguiſe, which we will repreſent as a criminal Deſign againſt the *Sultan*'s Life. This will, no Doubt, enable me to make the inflexible *Anthoras*, and the hateful Rival, who robs me of all I adore, expire under the moſt cruel Torments.

Treacherous *Aſtanox*, cry'd *Zulimo*, ſhowing himſelf, thou ſhalt not long enjoy the Fruits of thy Crimes; Heaven reſerv'd for me the Care of puniſhing them, and I am going to free the Univerſe from the moſt abhorr'd of its Monſters. Having thus ſaid, the intrepid *Zulimo* ran Sword in Hand againſt his Enemy, who, notwithſtanding his Surprize, ſhow'd his Courage by his Reſiſtance.

In the mean while *Jakaya*, being aſtoniſh'd at ſuch an unexpected Adventure, advanc'd towards the Combatants, and immediately perceiv'd that the baſe *Thirpaz* had join'd with his un-

worthy Maſter. This was enough to make the generous Prince take the Part of *Zulimo*; but *Thirpaz* ſoon perceiving the Inequality between his Strength and that of his Enemy, betook himſelf to his Heels. Hereupon *Jakaya* eaſily apprehended, that if he let him eſcape, he might execute the Deſign of *Aſtanox*, and by ruining *Anthoras* and his Family, deprive the Princeſſes of the Sanctuary which ſhelter'd them from the *Sultan*'s Purſuit. This ſo natural Reflexion made the Prince reſolve to follow the Favourite of *Aſtanox*; he purſu'd him then with ſuch ſpeed, that he ſoon overtook him. *Thirpaz* finding it impoſſible for him to eſcape, had the Raſhneſs to Attempt to defend himſelf, inſtead of ſubmitting to the Diſcretion and Clemency of his Conqueror. The Combat was not long, young *Jakaya* ſoon made him drop at his Feet, weltring in his Blood.

After this quick Diſpatch, the Prince of *Turkey* return'd to where *Aſtanox* and *Zulimo* were fighting with equal Fury; but, at laſt, Juſtice decided what Valour had kept ſo long in ſuſpence. *Aſtanox* finding himſelf weakned by the great quantity of Blood which he had loſt, was at laſt forced to fall upon the Graſs,

at

at the Diſcretion of his generous Conqueror; who, being diſarm'd by his Victory, at once loſt his Fury, and no longer felt in his Heart ought but Clemency and Pity.

Jakaya came ſeaſonably enough to be Witneſs to *Zulimo*'s Greatneſs of Soul; he ſaw him approach *Aſtanox*, and earneſtly endeavour to ſtanch the Blood which flow'd out at ſeveral Wounds. Dangerous Enemy, ſaid he to him, receive from a generous Rival the Aſſiſtance which thy barbarous Heart wou'd have been incapable of affording him. This Diſcourſe was follow'd by a ſpeedy and ſalutary Effect, the Prince join'd his Help to the brave *Zulimo*'s Officiouſneſs, and they ſoon put *Aſtanox* in a way to wait the Succour which the Son of *Anthoras* went to ſeek in the Cave. In Effect, *Cherſeg* and *Acles* were not long before they came to the wounded Perſon, and with the Aid of *Jakaya* and *Zulimo*, made a ſort of Litter, whereon they laid the dying *Aſtanox*, and carried him into the Grotto.

This extraordinary Adventure cou'd not happen with ſo much Silence, but that the two fair Princeſſes heard ſome

Noiſe; Fear, which ſeldom forſook them, made them leap haſtily out of Bed; they knew not to what to aſcribe the Sounds which had ſtruck their Ears, and did not doubt but the *Sultan*'s Emiſſaries had at laſt diſcover'd their Retreat, and were come to take them away.

Their firſt Thought was to ſave themſelves by the Windings of the Cave, which were already known to them; but if Fear wou'd have prompted them to fly, Love incited them to ſtay, and triumph over an ungenerous Terror. No, no, cry'd *Felicia*, let us never abandon two Princes, who have only render'd themſelves criminal thro' their Affection to us; and altho' what Aſſiſtance we can give them will avail them but little, let us ſhew ourſelves worthy of their Paſſion, by our Love and by our Courage.

How this noble Reſolution charms me, cry'd the lovely Princeſs of *Servia*! Let us die if our Lovers fall; Life without them wou'd be a Burthen to us: Let us ſhow then, by our Courage, that Nature and Love had render'd us worthy of the Princes who adore us, and who periſh to defend us. This Converſation,

on, wherein Love and Reſolution diſplay'd themſelves with equal Luſtre, was interrupted by the beauteous *Zennora*, who ſeem'd in ſuch a Diſorder, that ſhe redoubled the Fright of the two Princeſſes.

What are you come to tell us, cry'd theſe charming Perſons at one and the ſame Time, are we diſcover'd? Are the Princes fallen under the Efforts of our Enemies? In a word, muſt we Die to ſave our Honours, and to follow our Lovers? You have nothing to fear from the *Sultan*'s Anger, interrupted *Zennora*; all the Horror of this Adventure was to fall upon my unfortunate Family; but the Valour of Prince *Jakaya*, and *Zulimo*'s good Fortune, have ſecured us from the Diſaſters wherewith we were threatned.

At theſe words *Zennora* related briefly part of what had happen'd, which ſhe had heard from *Zulimo* when he came to ſeek Help for *Aſtanox*. The Princeſſes had not time to make long Reflexions upon ſuch a ſtrange Accident, for ſcarcely had the lovely Daughter of *Anthoras* finiſh'd her Relation, when the two Princes, and the old Man's two Sons enter'd

enter'd the Cave, bearing the unhappy *Aſtanox*. Immediately *Anthoras*, having illuminated his dark Abode, cauſed his Enemy to be laid upon a Bed of Moſs, after which approaching him, and finding that he open'd his Eyes, and recover'd his Senſes.

Inhuman Brother, ſaid he, behold that *Anthoras* whom thou would'ſt have ſacrificed to thy Cruelty, behold him fly to thy Aſſiſtance; he forgets all thy Fury; Nature and Generoſity make him deſire thy Life, and do every thing to preſerve it. Receive then my good Offices, and my Care, 'tis all the Revenge I deſign to take for thy Treachery; too happy, if in reſtoring thee to Life, I can bend the Hardneſs of thy Heart.

I demand not back my Throne which thou haſt uſurp'd from me, enjoy it in Peace, this Solitude is to me inſtead of the moſt ſplendid Fortune; but at leaſt let me enjoy it without Diſturbance: Pleaſed with my own Lot, I ſhall never envy the Inconſtancy of thine. Open thy Eyes, too unjuſt Brother, continued he, what canſt thou hope from *Zennora*? Know'ſt thou not that an indiſſoluble Tye unites

unites her to *Zulimo?* In ſhort, art thou not ſatisfy'd with having driven me from a Throne which lawfully belong'd to me, but wou'dſt thou alſo deprive me both of my Daughter and my Life? Ah! cruel *Aſtanox*! Suffer thyſelf to be moved by the Oppoſition which Heaven raiſes up againſt thy baſe Deſigns; 'tis only by Virtue that I will triumph over thy Vices; and although Revenge is the natural Failing of Man's Heart, I intend to ſhew thee, by my Example, how to ſurmount Inclinations unworthy of an illuſtrious Birth.

During this Diſcourſe, *Jakaya*, *Cherſeg*, and the two Princeſſes, were by *Aſtanox*'s Bed-ſide, and heard with Admiration all that Generoſity prompted old *Anthoras* to ſay. In the mean while, the fierce *Aſtanox* caſt his furious Eyes over all the Objects that offered themſelves to his Sight; at laſt, fixing them upon *Anthoras:* Hope not, ſaid he, with a Voice, which notwithſtanding his Weakneſs, ſufficiently ſhow'd his natural Fierceneſs, to conſtrain me to receive thy Succour, nor to ceaſe to hate thee; I wou'd attempt my own Life if I thought myſelf indebted to thee for it; and ſince I have not been able to ſacrifice thee to my

my Rage, the Day is odious to me, and I reproach myſelf with the Moments wherein I partake with thee of the Air that is common to all the Reſt of Mankind, as ſo many Crimes: Having thus ſaid, the terrible *Aſtanox* tore off the Bandages which ſtopt the Blood, and in ſpite of all the Care they took to ſtanch it again, expired in a ſmall Time in the Arms of *Anthoras*.

Nevertheleſs, the generous old Man was ſo ſenſibly affected with this Loſs, that one wou'd have judg'd that Death had depriv'd him of a beloved and virtuous Brother, if one had not heard the laſt Words of that Monſter of Cruelty: They were forced then to remove him from ſuch a melancholy Sight; and the two Princes endeavour'd to comfort him by all the means which Reaſon cou'd inſpire.

In the mean while, *Jakaya*, remembring the Condition wherein he had left the unfortunate *Thirpaz*, beckon'd to *Acles* to follow him, and the Goodneſs of his Temper making him forget the Greatneſs of his Rank, he haſten'd to the place where the baſe Favourite of *Aſtanox* was at the Point of Death. The

Prince

Prince of *Turkey* perceiving that he ſtill breath'd, wou'd have try'd to ſtanch his Blood; but *Thirpaz* miſtruſting the charitable Deſign that brought them, loſe not your Time in fruitleſs Care, ſaid he; already I feel the Horrors of Death which are going to render it uſeleſs; let me therefore rather employ the little Time that is left me in repenting of my Crimes.

Whoever you are then, continued he, aſſure *Anthoras* and his illuſtrious Family of my Repentance; 'tis I that diſcover'd them to the barbarous *Aſtanox*; 'tis I that ingag'd him to leave his Country and his Kingdom, in order to enquire himſelf into the Truth of what I told him; but notwithſtanding this Confeſſion of my Offences, I have ſtill this Conſolation left, that I can before my Death prevent the fatal Effects of his Jealouſy. Know then that *Aſtanox* has reſolv'd to inform the Governour of *Nicea* of *Anthoras*'s Diſguiſe, and intends to accuſe him of a dangerous Conſpiracy with the King of *Perſia* againſt the *Sultan*. He has even had the baſe Precaution to counterfeit a Letter from the *Sophi*, wherein he promiſes old *Anthoras* and his Family, a Reward proportionable to the

the Service he expects from them; and to give more Weight to his Forgery, he has cauſed the Seal of the *Perſian* Empire to be affix'd to it.

This hateful Project can not fail of producing the Effect he has promis'd himſelf in his Soul; ſince it is certain that the great *Cha-Abbas*, King of *Perſia*, deſigns immediately to declare War againſt the *Sultan*. This Circumſtance muſt naturally leave no Doubt of the Truth of the Accuſation, which *Aſtanox* intends to form againſt *Anthoras*. Wherefore, charitable *Unknown*, if your Hearts are moved with Virtue and Generoſity, haſte quickly and inform *Anthoras* of the Danger that threatens him. You give me Life in ſaving his; I have no longer need of Man's Aſſiſtance; I feel Death approach; but I feel it without Dread, if my laſt Moments can reſtore me my Innocence.

Theſe Words were the laſt which *Thirpaz* was able to utter; the vehemence with which he ſpoke having haſten'd the few Minutes he had to live; he expir'd therefore ſoon after, having ſtruggled ſome Time longer with the laſt Efforts of Nature. *Jakaya*, and *Acles*, cou'd not refuſe ſome

ſome Tears to the Memory of a Man who repented ſo ſincerely of his Crimes, and endeavour'd to attone for them; they return'd then to the Cave, fully reſolv'd to bury the unfortunate *Thirpaz* next Day. During the little Way they had to walk, they diſcours'd together with Terror of the dreadful Danger they had juſt avoided; the Baſeneſs of *Aſtanox* was not to be equall'd; accordingly they cou'd hardly believe that what *Thirpaz* had told them was abſolutely true. 'Tis natural to Perſons truly generous, always to doubt of the Treachery of others. But they were ſoon forced to give Credit to it, when, after having ſearch'd the cruel *Aſtanox*, they found the Letter which *Thirpaz* had mentioned.

The Terms and the Circumſtances were ſo horrible, that *Jakaya* thought it was proper to make uſe thereof to moderate the Grief of *Anthoras*; In Effect 'twas natural to imagine that ſo much Horror wou'd root the Remembrance of his perfidious Brother out of the old Man's Heart. I ſee, my Lord, ſaid *Anthoras*, reſtoring him the Letter, that *Aſtanox* was the moſt wicked of Mankind; but, alas! his Death has blotted out

out all his Crimes, and he now appears to me only as an unfortunate Brother, who has juſt expired in my Preſence; I forget his Injuſtice, and only remember his Loſs. Let me give to his Memory ſome Tears, which Pity extorts from my Soul, although Reaſon ſeems to oppoſe it. I lament equally his Vices and his Death; the one ought to make him odious to Poſterity, and the other prevents his amending them. Perhaps Virtue might one Day have triumphed over the Hardneſs of his Heart; but, let that have been as it would, according to the Courſe of Nature, my Life muſt have ended before his, and I ſhould have left the World with the ſweet Hope, that his Soul would have been changed at laſt, and that he would have atton'd by the Uprightneſs of his Behaviour for the Irregularity of his paſt Conduct.

Jakaya and *Cherſeg*, heard with Raptures, the noble Sentiments of *Anthoras*, but however, they did their utmoſt to comfort the old *Dervis*. *Felicia*, and the Princeſs of *Servia*, likewiſe had recourſe to all the Eloquence which Reaſon cou'd afford them; but finding that all their Endeavours were to no purpoſe, they reſolved to let the firſt Tranſports of his Grief

Grief paſs over, and went all into the Grotto of the *Sultaneſſes*, where they diſcourſed ſome Time of the extraordinary Adventure that had juſt happen'd.

I cou'd never have conceived, ſaid *Felicia*, that there could be Perſons ſo baſe as to think of perpetrating Enormities ſo contrary to the Law of Nature: For, in ſhort, ought we not to conſider others in the ſame Light as we look upon ourſelves? Is it poſſible that the Heart of Man is capable of deviſing Horrors, which would make the boldeſt tremble, if they were ready to fall upon the Contrivers thereof? 'Tis true, anſwer'd the fair Princeſs of *Servia*, there is no Puniſhment ſufficient to chaſtiſe Treachery, and Baſeneſs: They are ſuch enormous Vices, that new Tortures ought to be invented for the Wretches who are convicted thereof.

Ah! fair *Mariana*, interrupted *Cherſeg* ſmiling, altho' the Law you propoſe is very juſt, yet if it were ſtrictly put in Force, very few would be exempted from the Torments they have deſerved. I have nothing now to fear upon that Head, anſwer'd *Mariana*, ſmiling in her Turn; The *Deſpot* of *Servia*, and the King your Father

Father, are no longer in a Condition to undergo the Rigour of the Law I propoſe. There are few Perſons, interrupted *Zulimo*, who has not experienced the terrible Effects of Perfidy and Treachery; there are ſo many different Sorts of them, that every one has felt ſomething of them: 'Tis true, the Conſequences of all Treaſons, are not equally fatal; but it is certain, that whoever is capable of failing once in his Duty, even in a Trifle, will in Time make no Difficulty of forfeiting it in Things of a higher Nature. Virtue has it's Degrees as well as Vice; and, as by the Malignity of our Nature, we are much more prone to Evil than Good, there is no doubt, but the firſt Fault to which we give way, will lead us imperceptibly on to greater, unleſs Reaſon and Education correct our natural Inclination to Wickedneſs.

This Truth is confirm'd by ſo many famous Examples, reply'd *Jakaya*, that one cannot avoid believing it: We can ourſelves perſonally anſwer for it, ſince none of us have been able to ſecure ourſelves from the envenom'd Shafts of Vice. But, continued he, permit me, fair Princeſſes, to interrupt the Sequel of theſe uſe-

leſs

leſs Reflections, in order to entertain you with ſomething of more Importance. Hereupon the Prince of *Turkey* acquainted *Oſman*'s Daughter with what *Thirpaz* had told him about the King of *Perſia*'s declaring War againſt the *Sultan*.

The powerful Diverſion which this Event muſt cauſe in the *Ottoman* Empire, rouzed the Ambition of theſe two Lovers; they ſeem'd both equally charmed with News of ſo great Conſequence; it could not fail of being very advantageous to them, ſince the Tumult of the War, and the Preparations which would be neceſſary, gave them, doubtleſs, Hopes of more Liberty, and of finding the Means to join the Army of *Peri-Baſſa*, and the *Vizier Oſman*. 'Twas reſolved then, that *Acles* ſhould go by Break of Day to *Nicea*, and that making uſe of his uſual Pretence, he ſhould carefully enquire after the Truth of a Thing wherein they placed their Happineſs. In Effect, the Son of *Anthoras* told them at his Return, all that could flatter their moſt ambitious Deſires; whilſt *Jakaya*, *Cherſeg*, *Zulimo*, and *Anthoras*, had beſtow'd Funeral Rites on Prince *Aſtanox* and *Thirpaz*.

Acles

Acles had been at the *Sangiack* of *Nicea's*, where he had heard, that Orders were come from *Conſtantinople*, to levy a conſiderable Number of Troops; becauſe certain News was arrived at the *Porte*, that *Cha-Abbas* had laid Siege to *Bagdat*, at the Head of a powerful Army. He heard likewiſe that *Sultan Achmet*, being aſtoniſhed at ſuch a ſudden Irruption, which he did not expect, drew together his diſperſed Troops on all Sides, and had given the Command thereof to the *Baſſa Sigalla*, a prudent and experienced Captain.

After that *Acles* had imparted this important News to the Princeſſes, he was willing to divert them with an Account of a ſingular Adventure that had happen'd ſince their leaving the *Seraglio*, and that made abundance of Noiſe at the *Porte*. He told them then, that the *Baſſa* of the *Moréa*, had ſent the *Sultan* a young *Greek*, nam'd *Naſſia*, who paſs'd for one of the handſomeſt Women in the World, and who, together with an uncommon Beauty, was Miſtreſs of all the Wit imaginable; that young *Achmet* immediately fell in Love with her, and ſpared no Pains to convince her of his Paſſion,

Paſſion, which *Naſſia* had not return'd with Indifference; and that, in ſhort, one Day, this young *Sultaneſs*, who was paſſionately fond of Rallery, had propoſed to his *Highneſs* an uncommon Sort of Diverſion, wherein ſhe might diſplay her Talent of malicious Criticiſm at full Liberty: It conſiſted in having the old *Seraglio* open'd, to take a View of the ſuperannuated Charms of all the *Sultaneſſes* who were Favourites with *Achmet*'s Predeceſſors. That the young Prince had accepted of this Propoſal with Joy, and had put it in Execution that very ſame Day; but that it had produced an Effect quite contrary to what *Naſſia* had promiſed herſelf, by a very fantaſtical Revolution.

At the Death of *Mahomet* III. all that Prince's Favourites had been turn'd into the old *Seraglio:* There was one amongſt the reſt, nam'd *Fatima*, who was a perfect Beauty, and of an admirable ſweet Temper; ſhe had undergone her Baniſhment without murmuring; and altho' in the Flower of her Age, had reſolved patiently to ſpend the reſt of her Life in that melancholy Abode; and had certainly continued there, but for *Naſſia*'s imprudent Curioſity.

Achmet then had commanded that all the old *Sultaneſſes* ſhould come out of their *Oda*, and paſs in Review before her whom he adored, that ſhe might give a free Scope to her Satirical Humour. In effect, *Naſſia*'s Rallery was ſharp and full of Wit, and diverted his *Highneſs* very agreeably for ſome Time; but it ſoon gave way to the moſt deadly Vexation, when *Fatima* appeared in her Turn before the *Sultan*.

Although ſhe no longer flatter'd herſelf with the Hopes of pleaſing; a Spark of Self-Love, pretty common amongſt the Ladies, had made her take a particular Care of her Dreſs. The amorous *Achmet* was dazzled at the Sight of ſo many Charms: O Heavens! cry'd he, is it poſſible that ſuch a Treaſure ſhould be unworthily buried in the Manſion of Diſgrace and Oblivion! Come, fair *Fatima*, continued he, come and poſſeſs in my Court the Rank which your Beauty merits; I ſhall be able by my Love to attone for the Injuſtice that has been done your Charms.

Judge, beauteous Princeſs, what *Naſſia* muſt think during this ſhort Complement: However

However *Achmet*, without taking any Notice of her, continued his Addreſſes to *Fatima*, and led her himſelf out of the old *Seraglio*. But yet this was nothing for the diſconſolate *Naſſia*, ſhe was reſerved for a Puniſhment ſtill more mortifying; the *Sultan* turned towards her when he was juſt ready to go out of this diſmal Palace: *Naſſia*, ſaid he, I give you, in Recompence of your Jeſts and Rallery, the Apartment which the *Sultaneſs Fatima* had here; you will have Time enough there to learn, that one never ought to expoſe what one loves.

Having thus ſaid, he would have walked away, but *Naſſia* falling at his Feet, all in Tears, ſtopt him, and endeavoured to ſoften him with the moſt moving Expreſſions: Whereupon *Achmet* looking upon her with a ſcornful Smile; Your Caſe is not yet deſperate, ſaid he, I promiſe to let you out of the old *Seraglio*, when the charming *Fatima* ſhall take a Fancy to come and rally the old *Sultana*'s.

The Relation of this Adventure diverted the Princeſſes infinitely; but the News of the War affecting them yet more, they gave themſelves up, as well as the

Princes, to all the Joy which ſuch News muſt in all probability cauſe in them. *Anthoras* alone, to whom they imparted it, expreſs'd ſome Sorrow thereat. You [illegible]e, no doubt, ſurpriz'd, ſaid this wiſe old Man, addreſſing himſelf to *Jakaya*, at the Coldneſs wherewith I receive a Piece of News which ſeems of ſuch Importance to you; but, Prince, my Zeal for your Welfare, diſcovers itſelf more by my Grief, than by my Joy. Don't you ſee, continued he, that it is a flattering Bait which Fortune throws out to you to ruin you entirely? For, in ſhort, what are you going to ſeek in tempting her fatal Levity again? Why will you expoſe yourſelves to her Frowns? Secure from your Enemies, you may in in this Cavern brave their Cruelty and their Malice, in Company with all that can charm your Heart; whilſt a tender Love will take Care to render always pure and delightful the Days you here paſs away. Is it only upon a Throne then that perfect Felicity is to be obtain'd?

Oh! Prince, undeceive yourſelf by my Example; a Crown is a Burthen which often cruſhes the Wearer; I have found it by fatal Experience. You ſee in me an unfortunate King, whom Juſtice and Equity

Equity have not been able to ſecure from the envenom'd Shafts of a jealous Envy. I ſaw myſelf over-whelm'd thereby; but, good Heavens! how do I bleſs the Injuſtice of Fate! ſince it has brought me to an Abode, where, unknown to all the World, I find, within myſelf alone, wherewith to compleat my Happineſs. Imitate me, my Lord, purſued *Anthoras*; and although the Difference of our Ages may authorize the Difference of our Sentiments, let Reaſon, which ought to direct us at all Times, make you ſenſible of the Truth of my Advice, and force you to fly Ambition, whoſe Dictates tend only to your Ruin.

Sage *Anthoras*, anſwer'd Prince *Jakaya*, I am gratefully ſenſible of the wholeſome Advice you are pleaſed to give me; but can I reſolve to follow it? Being born to poſſeſs one of the firſt Thrones in the World, ought I ſhamefully to renounce it? Muſt I abandon the glorious Deſign of wearing the Crown which my Anceſtors poſſeſs'd with Glory? I don't find myſelf leſs worthy of it than they; I may promiſe myſelf to equal them, if my Courage may not pretend to ſurpaſs them. Muſt I renounce ſuch fair Hopes? And this ſo noble Ambition,

which Reaſon would repreſent to me as a Crime, is it then ſo blame-worthy?

I deſign only to ſatisfy it, that I may immortalize my Glory, by all the illuſtrious and great Actions which Virtue and Juſtice can inſpire; 'tis not ſo much for myſelf that I would reign, as for a numberleſs People, who, in an equitable Emperor, will find both a Father ready to relieve their Wants, and a Maſter zealous to correct Vice, and protect Virtue. Beſides, Sage *Anthoras*, what would the World ſay? Would they not have Cauſe to think that I am an Impoſtor, who dares not maintain the Glory of my Impoſture? Would they not believe, with Reaſon, that being too much dazzled with the Greatneſs of my Deſign, I am return'd to my primitive Nothing, from whence my extravagant Preſumption had drawn me.

Is not this enough, continued he, to make you approve my Reaſons? Muſt I mention *Felicia* to you? Am not I the only Cauſe of her Misfortunes? 'Tis to *Mahomet*'s lawful Succeſſor that ſhe reſolv'd to deliver up her Heart and her Fortune; 'twas upon the Strength of this auguſt Name, that her Father voluntarily

luntarily devoted himſelf to the dangerous Conſequences of Rebellion: And would you, after ſo many reaſonable and glorious Inducements, have me in one Day forget my Glory, Gratitude, and Love? No, no, purſued he, with vehemence, I will reign to ſupport theſe three powerful Reaſons with Luſtre, or I will fall in endeavouring to obtain my Birth-right.

I ſee plainly, my Lord, interrupted *Antboras*, that my Diſcourſe makes no Impreſſion upon your Mind; ſince then the famous Examples of *Sultan Zizim*, Brother to the Emperor *Bajazet*, who fell under the Efforts of his *Highneſs's* Arms, in pretending to diſpute the Throne with him; and thoſe of *Corcut* and *Achmet*, both of them elder Brothers to *Sultan Selim* the firſt, who, notwithſtanding their lawful Right, periſhed both miſerably in defending it; ſince, in ſhort, ſo many powerful Reaſons can't make you ſenſible of the Peril to which you are going to expoſe yourſelf, I have only the Relation of my own Misfortunes, with which I dare hope to conquer your Reſolution. I flatter myſelf, that the lively Deſcriptions thereof, and their Variety, will inſpire you with Sentiments,

which, beyond Contradiction, carry with them ſovereign Happineſs. Having thus ſaid, *Anthoras*, obſerving the Attention of his lovely Audience, and their Eagerneſs to hear his Story, began as follows, addreſſing himſelf to the two Princeſſes.

The HISTORY *of* ANTHORAS, ZENNORA, ACLES, *and* ZULIMO.

BEFORE I enter into the Particulars of my Adventures, I believe, beauteous Princeſſes, that it is neceſſary to entertain you ſome moments with an Account of the Origin of a Country, which is the cruel Scene of my Birth, and of my Misfortunes.

The *Georgians*, whoſe lawful King I am, are of different Opinions abont their right Name. Some pretend that their Kingdom ought to be call'd *Colchis*; others think it ought to be term'd *Albania*, and others again *Iberia*. What is certain is, that this Country is generally known

known to all the World under the Names of *Georgia*, or *Mingrelia*.

Theſe Provinces were formerly inhabited by a Colony of *Egyptians*, whom the great *Seſoſtris* ſent into thoſe Parts; but the People multiplying by Degrees, and finding themſelves powerful enough to ſupport themſelves without any other Aſſiſtance, ſhook off the Yoke of *Egypt*, and divided their Country into two petty Kingdoms, which are now call'd by the Names of *Guriel* and *Imirez*.

Theſe little Principalities are equally contiguous to *Turkey*, and *Perſia*; to the one by Mount *Caucaſus*, which borders upon *Armenia*, and is ſubject to the *Sultan*, and to the other by *Hyrcania*, which belongs to the *Sophi*. This, my fair Princeſſes, is what I thought proper to tell you for the better underſtanding of my Story; You will know but too well, by the End of my Relation, to what a Degree our People are barbarous and ſavage.

Nevertheleſs the King of *Imirez*, my Father, or to ſpeak more properly, the *Meppa*, ſince that is the Title of Honour which is given to the Princes of *Geor-*

gia, did not take after the Character of his Nation in any Thing. He was mild and popular; and I may venture to ſay, that in this Point I follow'd his Example perfectly; his Name was *Ortales*; his Court was pretty ſplendid, and he loved Pleaſure. The Queen, my Mother, who only ſtudied how to make herſelf agreeable to him, eagerly ſought all Occaſions of humouring him therein; I was the only Fruits of their mutual Love, accordingly I was brought up with ſuch a particular Care, that if the Strength of my Conſtitution had been anſwerable to my Education, I had doubtleſs been perfect.

Nevertheleſs I made ſuch a conſiderable Progreſs in all my bodily Exerciſes, that at the Age of twenty there were few Men cou'd ride a Horſe with more Addreſs, or cou'd hurl a Javelin with more Force than me. How happy and how pompous were theſe firſt Years of my Life! But, alas! with what Rapidity did they paſs away! I ſcarcely began to enjoy the Pleaſure of them, ſecure from the Fears of Childhood, when the Queen my Mother fell dangerouſly ill, and died in a little Time in ſpite of our Prayers, and the Skill of the moſt able Phyſicians. This,

This Loſs was the fatal Beginning of my Misfortunes; I felt it with all the Senſibility imaginable; and *Ortales* ſeem'd ſo overwhelm'd with Affliction, that one wou'd not have thought he wou'd ever have been capable of being comforted: But, good Heavens! who can anſwer for the Continuance of Man's Sentiments! Their Levity can only be compar'd to to the Inconſtancy of the Winds. This King, who had always ſeem'd as affectionate a Huſband, as he was a reaſonable and mild Father, ſoon ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſeduced by Ambition and Love.

Stenoppe, Queen of *Guriel*, had been ſome Years the Widow of King *Abcalus*, who had left her in the Flower of her Age, without Children, and Miſtreſs of a pretty conſiderable Kingdom. This *Stenope*, I ſay, no ſooner heard of the Death of the Queen my Mother, but, on Pretence of a Compliment of Condolance, ſhe ſent a pompous Embaſſy to *Ortales*. I thought, as well as the reſt of the Court, that Civility alone had induced the Queen of *Guriel* to take this Step; but we were ſoon undeceived.

Stenoppe's Ambaſſador had Orders to offer to the King of *Imirez* that Prin-

ceſs's Hand and Crown; he had brought beſides, that Queen's Picture richly embelliſh'd with Jewels, which he was commanded to give to *Ortales*. Hereupon, the King my Father cou'd not reſiſt the flattering Baits that were thrown out to allure him; the Thoughts of adding a powerful Kingdom to his own, and of re-uniting all *Georgia* under his Government, and above all, the Queen's bewitching Charms determin'd him in her Favour.

He gave a favourable Anſwer then to this Princeſs's Embaſſador, who returned to her with Preſents of great Value. I was ignorant as yet of the Misfortune that threaten'd me, and 'twas not till the firſt Months of Mourning were paſſed, that I knew the full Extent thereof: *Ortales* declared his Marriage openly, and ordered me to prepare to go to the Queen of *Guriel* to marry her in his Name, and afterwards conduct her to *Iſgaoud*, where the Nuptials were to be conſummated with all poſſible Splendour and Magnificence.

I was Maſter enough of myſelf, to conceal the Vexation which this News gave me; I even affected a Joy where-

of

of my Heart was not capable: I pretended to give into the Political Reaſons wherewith *Ortales* endeavour'd to ſatisfy me: In ſhort, I prepared to ſet out with a ſeeming Tranquillity, which redoubled my Father's Eſteem for me, and perhaps made him repent of the little Affection he had expreſs'd for me on ſuch an important Occaſion. But Love and Intereſt proving ſtronger in his Soul at that Time than paternal Affection, he did not ſeem to think himſelf obliged to me for my reſpectful Complaiſance.

He cauſed a magnificent Equipage to be made for me, and a little after I ſet out for the Kingdom of *Guriel*. My Journey thither was not very long; ſince the *Phaſis* almoſt wholly ſeparates the two Kingdoms. I arrived therefore in a little Time at the Court of *Stenoppe*, and was ſurprized at her Charms; for, although it is uſual in our Country for the Women to be of a dazzling Beauty, I could not help being aſtoniſh'd at the Superiority ſhe had over all the reſt.

But how ill did her Soul anſwer to ſo perfect an Out-ſide? She was haughty, revengeful, deceitful, and bloodthirſty;

thirſty; the greateſt Crimes cauſed her no more to put them in Execution, but juſt the Time to deviſe them: In ſhort, all that we read in Fables of the infernal Furies, does not come up to the Horrors whereof this Monſter was capable.

Nevertheleſs, ſhe at firſt concealed from me all her pernicious Vices, under the Maſk of a ſeeming good Nature; I was received with all the Signs of a ſincere Kindneſs; and a little after my Arrival, I married her publickly in the Name of the King my Father; ſome Days after which, we ſet out for the Kingdom of *Imirez*. I ſhall not enlarge upon the Reception *Ortales* had prepared for her at *Iſgaoud*; her Entry was magnificent, and the very next Day *Ortales* gave his Hand to the cruel *Stenoppe*.

The firſt Months paſs'd away with Tranquillity enough; but, alas! how dearly did I pay for this ſhort Happineſs! I had already taken Notice, even at *Guriel*, that the Queen look'd at me with a Complaiſance which I might have aſcribed to Love, if I had not rejected far from me a Thought, ſo contrary to the Virtue whereof I believ'd *Stenoppe* Miſtreſs;

Miſtreſs; but I was ſoon forced not to doubt her pernicious Deſigns, by the Imprudence wherewith ſhe ventured to declare them.

One Day, having made me enter with her into her Cloſet, on Pretence of ſome Affair which ſhe wanted to impart to me: *Anthoras*, ſaid ſhe, any other but myſelf would have Recourſe to Circumlocutions, to inſinuate to you how advantageouſly my Heart is prepoſſeſs'd in your Favour; but beſides that ſo much Precaution does not ſuit with the Fire of my Temper, I don't ſee what ſhould hinder my declaring to you a Thing, which may at the ſame Time compleat both your Happineſs and mine. I love you, Prince, continued ſhe, and my Paſſion ——

Hold, Madam, cry'd I, interrupting her, and, before you proceed, know the Perſon to whom you venture to declare yourſelf with ſo little Modeſty. I am your Huſband's Son, and to this Quality I join all the Virtue whereof a Heart can be ſuſceptible. Conſider, after this Declaration, purſued I, whether I can hear ſuch an unnatural Diſcourſe without ſhuddering.

I did

I did not expect, interrupted the Queen in her Turn, with Eyes inflam'd with Anger, that the Confeſſion of my Love would have drawn upon me ſuch an imperious Anſwer. But, Prince, I am willing to forgive your firſt Emotions; nevertheleſs know me in your Turn. If I can love with Rapture, I can likewiſe hate with Fury; and to ſatisfy my Love, or Hatred, nothing ſeems either difficult or dangerous to me. Govern yourſelf by this Knowledge, added ſhe, I will expect your Reſolution, which ſhall abſolutely determine mine, and force me to abandon myſelf with Violence to one of the two Paſſions, whereof I have offered you the Choice.

Having thus ſaid, *Stenoppe* gave me no Time to make any Anſwer, but left me haſtily. Never was Man more perplex'd than I was at that Inſtant; not that I was one Moment in ſuſpence about the alternative the Queen had propoſed to me; but the fatal Conſequences thereof, which I immediately foreſaw, chill'd my very Blood in my Veins with Terror: Wherefore, after ſome Minutes Reflexion, I took a Courſe which I thought prudent.

I went

I went to the King my Father in his Apartment; I have always rely'd, my Lord, ſaid I, with ſo much Aſſurance upon your Goodneſs, that I dare at preſent promiſe myſelf an eſſential Proof thereof; I ſhall not therefore bluſh to own that I have long been in love with the beauteous *Philara*, who has the Honour to be related to your Majeſty; I come, on my Knees, to beg your kind Conſent to a Marriage which is ſo dear to me. Deny me not, my Lord, continued I, ſince my future Quiet depends abſolutely thereupon.

At theſe Words I ſtopt, to hear the King's Anſwer, when he looking upon me with a Smile: It muſt be confeſs'd, *Anthoras*, ſaid he, that you are the Paragon of Lovers. What have you been long in Love with fair *Philara*, without any one's ever having the leaſt Suſpicion of it? Certainly this Diſcretion is worthy of Praiſe, and deſerves to be rewarded. Well, continued he, I grant you, what you requeſt with ſo much Earneſtneſs; you may go and tell the happy News to the lovely Perſon who is to ſhare in the Pleaſure of it.

Here-

Hereupon, I fell at the King's Feet, to thank him for a Conſent which Policy alone had made me deſire; I was not in Love with *Philara*, and *Ortales* had given me the Honour of a Diſcretion, which I had found it no Difficulty to preſerve; but I imagin'd that to ſecure myſelf both from the Queen's Love, and Fury, I ought to ſacrifice myſelf by marrying *Philara*; and that ſeeing me engaged for ever, ſhe would inſenſibly be wean'd from her Deſtructive Paſſion.

But as it was abſolutely neceſſary, for the Succeſs of my Deſign, that the Queen ſhould be ignorant of my Marriage, for fear her Love ſhould raiſe up ſome Obſtacle thereunto; I conjur'd the King reſpectfully, before I left him, not to mention to any one the Happineſs he had granted me by his Conſent, giving him to underſtand, that I intended to celebrate the Day of our Nuptials by a gallant Entertainment, which ſhould ſurprize the Queen, and the whole Court, and which would loſe it's Charms, if it were expected.

Ortales

Ortales was very willing to comply with a Requeſt which ſeem'd of as little Moment to him, as it was of the greateſt Importance to me; in Effect, he kept his Word with me punctually. I went afterwards to the amiable *Philara*, and acquainted her with the Rank to which I deſign'd to raiſe her; wherewith ſhe was not dazzled, but ſhe ſeem'd ſurpriz'd.

The Honour you do me, ſaid ſhe, has nothing aſtoniſhing in itſelf; my Anceſtors have been uſed to be very near the Splendor of a Throne; but I cannot comprehend what has forced you to determine ſo ſuddenly in my Favour. How, fair *Philara*, anſwer'd I, can you be ignorant thereof? Are not your Charms, your Wit, and your Birth, Motives ſufficiently powerful to influence my Heart to do you Juſtice?

No, no, *Anthoras*, interrupted ſhe ſmiling, you would find it difficult to perſuade me to that; Things of this Importance are not ſo eaſily reſolved on, when Love is not at the Bottom of them: Some political Reaſons have induced you to take this Step. Wou'd

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to Heaven that what I imagine may prove without Foundation! But, Prince, I have good Eyes, and I doubt whether the Queen will conſent to our Marriage.

Theſe Words made me bluſh; wherefore, that I might not expoſe *Stenoppe*'s Reputation, I endeavour'd artfully to divert the Diſcourſe to ſome other Subject; but *Philara*, perceiving my Deſign: What, Prince, ſaid ſhe, do you want to get looſe from me? Is that the firſt Proof of Love I receive from a Man, who pretends to unite his Deſtiny with mine for ever? Know, *Anthoras*, continued ſhe haughtily, that, notwithſtanding the Honour and Advantage I ſhould receive from your Alliance, I ſhall be able to renounce it for ever, if your Confidence in me, does not ſupply the Place of the Love which is wanting in your Heart. Perſons of my Rank and Humour, ſerve but ſeldom as a Cloak; and you might have caſt your Eyes upon ſome other, who would have been more ready to ſcreen ſecret Intrigues.

I muſt confeſs, fair Princeſs, that the Suſpicion, at which *Philara* hinted, injured my Honour too much not to endea-

vour

vour to remove it; beſides, I was afraid that ſhe would actually refuſe me her Hand, if I ſhould be obſtinately bent upon Secrecy. I told her then what had happen'd to me with the Queen, and conjured her, with Tears in my Eyes, to help me extricate myſelf ſpeedily from ſo dangerous a Perplexity.

She conſented to it with abundance of Goodneſs; and we haſten'd, with ſo much Eagerneſs, the ſecret Preparations for our Marriage, that on the third Day the Entertainment I had promiſed the King was ready. But the Queen, who really loved me, was not to be impoſed on by my Diſſimulation; ſhe had ſome faithful Spies, who keeping cloſe to me, ſoon diſcover'd what I would have conceal'd with ſo much Care; my Proceedings were told to *Stenoppe*, and ſhe gueſſed part of the Truth. Accordingly, the Evening before my Marriage, an unknown Perſon brought me a Note, the Author of which I was at no Loſs to find out, it containing only theſe few Words.

LET-

LETTER.

KNOW, Anthoras, *that thy Deſtruction is ſworn, if thou executeſt what thou deſigneſt; Rage, Hatred, and Jealouſy, ſhall revenge the Cauſe of injur'd Love.*

This Note made me tremble; not that I fear'd any thing myſelf, but the Fury of ſuch an outragious Woman might have fallen upon the King's Perſon, or upon *Philara*. Nevertheleſs, inſtead of delaying the Execution of my Deſign, it made me haſten the Preparations.

I went the next Morning to the Cloſet of *Ortales*, to aſſure him that every Thing was ready for the Entertainment that I had prepared; but, Heavens! how great was my Aſtoniſhment at finding the barbarous *Stenoppe* with him? Her Face was bath'd in Tears, and the King, who adored her, ſeem'd tranſported with a violent Paſſion.

There he is, cry'd the Queen, ſeeing me enter, there he is; that ungrateful and perfidious Son, who would have diſhonoured his Father in the moſt ſenſible Part. Monſter, continued ſhe, hope not

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to eſcape the juſt Reſentment that is prepared for thee; thy Puniſhment ought to ſerve as a memorable Example to the lateſt Poſterity: Pronounce his Sentence, my Lord, purſued ſhe, turning towards the King; whatever Tortures your Juſtice makes him endure, they cannot be proportionable to the Enormity of his Crime.

During the Rapidity of this Diſcourſe, I remain'd ſo amazed, that I had hardly the Senſe of Hearing. This horrid Accuſation made me ſhudder; and I am not certain what I might have been capable of, if the King had not interrupted my melancholy Reflexions.

Perfidious *Anthoras*, ſaid he, looking on me, with his Eyes bathed with Tears; What have I done to thee, to endeavour to aſſaſſinate me, by the moſt cruel Stab that Fury could inſpire? Why didſt not thou attempt my Life, rather than my Honour? I ſhould not have been ſo ſenſible of the Injury. But, in ſhort, barbarous Son, ſince nothing has been able to bridle thy infamous Deſires, fly, for ever, far from my Sight; I can't conſent to take away thy Life, the Stings of thy own Conſcience will revenge me more than

than the juſt Puniſhment which thou haſt deſerved; be gone, for ever, from my Court, let not this Night find thee in the City, perhaps I may not always be Maſter enough of myſelf, to ſave thee from the Rage that exaſperates me. At theſe Words, he made me go out of his Cloſet, and would not hear me.

The Queen, who doubtleſs, did not expect ſo much Indulgence, but thought that *Ortales*, in the firſt Tranſports of his Anger, would have ſacrificed me to his Reſentment, would have endeavoured to incenſe him anew; but 'twas in vain, the King remain'd reſolute to have the Sentence he had pronounced put in Execution.

In the mean while, I went to *Philara*, ſo confounded, and ſo alter'd, that that beauteous Lady aſk'd me eagerly, what occaſion'd that dreadful Diſorder which was viſible in my Countenance; but I had ſcarcely Strength to inform her what had happen'd to me: Well, Prince, ſaid that generous Maiden, obey, be gone, but permit me to accompany you in your Exile; promiſe me your Hand; with this Aſſurance I will follow you to the utmoſt Parts of the Earth.

I return'd

I return'd *Philara* Thanks for this generous Propoſal with all the Ardour imaginable, and ſwore to her by the ſtrongeſt Oaths that I would marry her as ſoon as poſſible; in ſhort, we took right Meaſures to be gone from *Iſgaoud* as ſoon as Night ſhould be come. But, whilſt we were preparing for ſuch a cruel Departure, *Stenoppe*, who had not been able to prevail any farther on the King, fearing, probably, that I ſhou'd ſpare no Pains to pacify *Ortales*, and, in ſhort, that to that End I ſhou'd diſcover the Truth to him, ſent me theſe few Lines.

LETTER.

ONE Word imprudently let ſlip deſtroys you irrecoverably. Silence will ſave your Life, and theirs from whom you derive it.

This Threat made me tremble for *Ortales*; What had he not to fear from ſuch a dangerous Monſter! Accordingly, not being willing to leave her in a Dread which might have proved fatal to the King my Father, I wrote her this Anſwer.

LETTER.

FEAR nothing from my Indiſcretion, I ſhall never be capable thereof; be aſſured that if you know how to follow the Steps of the barbarous Daughter of Paſiphae, *I ſhall know how to imitate the Virtue of the generous* Hyppolitus.

Philara, to whom I ſhew'd theſe two Notes, trembled at the firſt, and approved the ſecond; but alas! how much do I repent having ever ſent it, ſince it partly was the Occaſion of the greateſt of my Misfortunes, as you will find by the Sequel of my Relation. I had concealed my Departure with ſo much Care, as well as the Diſaſter that caus'd it, that no body knew of my Baniſhment. I went out of *Iſgaoud*, as ſoon as Night came on, having only the amiable *Philara* as the Companion of my Flight, and three of my moſt affectionate Domeſticks.

I directed my Courſe towards the Caſtle of *Inora* ſituated upon the *Phaſis*, and diſtant about fifty Leagues from the Capital

tal of *Imirez:* This was the Place where I reſolved to take up my Reſidence; not only becauſe it was pretty agreeable, but it had always been part of the Appanage of the eldeſt Sons of Kings of *Imirez.* I arrived there then at the End of four Days; after which, not being willing to delay ſatisfying my Love and Gratitude, I marry'd the beauteous *Philara.*

Good Heavens! how happy did I eſteem myſelf in the entire poſſeſſion of this amiable Perſon! How many Charms did I find in her Temper! How much Sweetneſs and Wit did I meet with in her Company and her Converſation! No, I can but faintly expreſs the Exceſs of my Happineſs. I ſoon forgot my cruel Diſgrace which the barbarous *Stenoppe* had procured me, or if I could not baniſh it my Memory entirely, my Grief at being out of Favour with the King my Father, and my Fear that he would fall one Day a Victim to this implacable Fury, was all that interfer'd to diſturb the Happineſs I enjoy'd.

I ſpent ſeveral Years in this charming Solitude; where I heard that the Queen had juſt brought the King a Son; which

was the ſame *Aſtanox*, of whoſe ſavage Nature and Death you were all Witneſſes: He had inherited all his Mother's Imperfections; I believe that he had even ſurpaſs'd her in Vice.

However that be, his Birth cauſed an infinite Joy in *Ortales*; altho' he began to diſcover *Stenoppe*'s wicked Diſpoſition, he ſtill loved her with equal Tenderneſs; and blamed her Cruelty, without having the Reſolution to oppoſe it: His Court was become a Scene of Blood and Slaughter; the Queen's Caprice was a Law there; and if any one durſt offer the leaſt Oppoſition to it, it was ſure to be puniſhed with Death. In the mean while, I enjoy'd ſuch a ſweet and charming Tranquillity at the Caſtle of *Inora*, that I durſt have promis'd myſelf not to ſee it interrupted but by the End of my Life; but, alas! Heaven reſerved me for inevitable Misfortunes; in vain do we endeavour to fly from Fate.

Philara had brought me the Prince *Acles* ſome Years before, and I impatiently expected the Fruits of a ſecond Pregnancy, ſhe being ſome Months gone with Child, when the cruel Revolutions, that happen'd at Court, forced me to go thither

thither in ſpite of myſelf. The Love *Stenoppe* had formerly born me, had been baniſhed from her Soul as ſuddenly as it had gain'd Entrance there; the moſt implacable Hatred had uſurp'd the Place of that tender Inclination in her Heart; but as Love was the Queen's predominant Paſſion, it had only chang'd it's Object.

A young Nobleman, nam'd *Ilimachus*, who belong'd to the Court of *Ortales*, had found the Secret of pleaſing her; he had prov'd leſs ſcrupulous than me, and had given himſelf up, without Reſiſtance, to all the Love which *Stenoppe*'s Beauty was capable of inſpiring. All the Court ſoon took Notice of ſuch a dangerous Correſpondence; the King was the laſt that knew his own Misfortune; but, at length, it became ſo publick, that he obſerv'd it in it's full Extent.

Hereupon he ſpoke of it to the Queen with all the Reſentment which he muſt needs feel on ſuch an Occaſion; he even threatned her with the moſt violent Effects of his Anger, if ſhe did not put a ſtop to a Rumour that was equally injurious to his Honour and her own; he

put her in mind of the Baniſhment to which he had condemn'd me on her ſingle Accuſation; that ſhe might thereby comprehend what he wou'd be capable of doing to a Perſon to whom he was not ty'd by Nature.

Stenoppe diſſembled her Reſentment, and promis'd the King all he deſir'd; but 'twas only in order to concert Meaſures more ſecretly with the Object of her adulterous Love: In Effect their Intrigue became more private, but was not leſs effectual. One Day *Ortales* enter'd the Queen's Apartment, whilſt ſhe was walking in the Palace Gardens. Whether meer Chance led him thither, or whether he went thither with a premeditated Deſign to dive into *Stenoppe*'s moſt ſecret Thoughts, he enter'd her Cloſet, whoſe Door he found open, and whilſt one of the Queen's Women ran to inform her of the King's Viſit, *Ortales* began to open a little Cedar Caſket, whoſe Key *Stenoppe* had forgot to take out.

He found therein ſeveral Letters from her Lover, and was convinc'd that they ſtill continu'd their criminal Correſpondence, but, O Heavens! how great was his Surprize, when caſting his Eyes upon a Note,

a Note, that fell into his Hands, he knew it to be my Writing, and read therein diſtinctly theſe Words, which I had written to her when I left *Iſgaoud*, and which the Imprudent *Stenoppe* had neglected to make away.

LETTER.

FEAR nothing from my Indiſcretion, I ſhall never be capable thereof; be aſſured that if you know how to follow the Steps of the barbarous Daughter of Paſiphae, *I ſhall know how to imitate the Virtue of the generous* Hyppolitus.

Ortales was thunderſtruck at the reading of this Letter; he diſcover'd my Innocence, his own unjuſt Prepoſſeſſion, and all the Abomination of his unworthy Spouſe. He wou'd look no farther, and without directly knowing what Courſe he was going to take, he return'd to his Apartment, and took with him this pretious Note, the certain Proof of my Virtue, and *Stenoppe*'s Crime.

He ſent then for *Amiſoas*, his firſt Miniſter, a Man of Senſe and Merit; and

opening his Heart to him, told him all that had juſt happen'd in the Queen's Cloſet; he even ſhow'd him the Teſtimony he had of my Innocence. *Amiſoas* was ſurprized to the laſt Degree at ſo much Baſeneſs; but, in ſhort, he adviſed the King to recal me inſtantly, and to diſſemble with *Stenoppe* 'till my Return; not only that he might take a prudent Reſolution on ſuch a nice Emergency, but alſo to prevent the ſpreading of ſuch an Adventure, which being known all over the World, wou'd caſt an eternal Blemiſh upon an illuſtrious Family.

The King approv'd of this prudent Advice, and in order to begin to follow it, wrote to me, and immediately ſent a Courier to the Caſtle of *Inora*. In the mean while the Queen having heard that *Ortales* had been in her Cloſet, remembered with Deſpair, that ſhe had left the Key of the Caſket, which conceal'd all her Crimes. She flew thither then with all the Haſte imaginable, to prevent the fatal Examination of all her Falſhood; but the Time was now paſt.

It was no Difficulty for her to perceive that *Ortales* had taken an exact Review

Review of all her Papers, for they were ſcattered up and down the Cloſet; but the perjured Princeſs wou'd ſtill have been comforted, if ſhe cou'd have believ'd that the King had not read my Note: But not finding that amongſt the Reſt, ſhe miſtruſted the Truth. Then it was that ſhe gave herſelf up to Rage, and conſulting only her Fury, ſent for *Ilimachus*, and inform'd him what had paſs'd.

'Tis probable that her unworthy Favourite ſympathiz'd readily with her Pains; what is certain is, that this pernicious Couple not only took the moſt exact Meaſures to have the King aſſaſſinated, in order to prevent the Effects of his Revenge; but alſo reſolved to make me the Author of ſo black a Parricide. The treacherous *Stenoppe* deſign'd by this double Cruelty to conceal for ever a Secret ſo contrary to her Honour, and to ſecure herſelf the Throne to place her Lover thereon.

Such a glorious Expectation ſeduced *Ilimachus*; he already imagin'd he ſhar'd the Sovereign Power: This Thought made him conſent without Difficulty to execute all that the Queen required of

him. He ran and made himſelf ſure of divers Aſſaſſins, whom he found no Difficulty in corrupting by dint of Money and Promiſes. The baſe *Ilimachus* did yet more; he got my Hand counterfeited with all the Dexterity imaginable; my very Name was imitated therein with ſo much Art, that it was almoſt impoſſible not to be miſtaken in it; they made me Promiſe an exceſſive Reward for the Execution of this barbarous Deſign. In ſhort, he haſten'd the Concluſion with ſo much Eagerneſs, that two Days afterwards *Ortales* was aſſaſſinated, as he was Hunting, by ſeveral Men in Maſks, and they produced my ſuppoſed Letter, which they pretended was found near the King after his Death, and which certainly muſt fall out of the Pocket of one of his Murtherers.

Whilſt ſo many extraordinary and cruel Things were tranſacted at *Iſgaoud*, I had received the Courier of *Ortales*, and taking with Impatience the Packet of Letters which were committed to his Charge, I read the following Lines written by the King's own Hand.

LETTER

LETTER.

MY Eyes are at laſt open'd, my dear Son, and I ſee my Injuſtice, and your Innocence. Heaven is too juſt to ſuffer Wickedneſs to go longer unpuniſhed, or Virtue unrewarded: Come then, Anthoras, *haſten and fly to the Arms of a tender Father. The Wrong he has done you, is your Glory; but his Repentance will reſtore him his. Come then, once more I conjure you, and help me to ſupport the Misfortune that overwhelms me; I have need of a ſpeedy Relief. I dare not command you, I have loſt, by my Cruelty, the Right to ſpeak as a Maſter; but at leaſt be prevail'd on by the Voice of an unfortunate King, and by the tender Intreaties of a Father, who implores you.*

ORTALES.

This Letter made me ſhed Tears both of Joy and Sorrow; the Pleaſure of ſeeing myſelf entirely juſtify'd, with the Joy of having regain'd the Favour of the King my Father, without having courted it by any falſe Step, flatter'd

my Soul in the moſt ſenſible Part; but then the Sorrow of leaving *Philara*, counterpois'd in my Heart ſuch a reaſonable Satisfaction. I carried her therefore the Letter of *Ortales* trembling; I was afraid her Tears and Intreaties wou'd oppoſe my Duty; but I was not yet ſufficiently acquainted with the Heart of my generous Spouſe.

Go, *Anthoras*, ſaid ſhe, after having peruſed it, let nothing ſtop you, Duty ought to be preferr'd to all human Conſiderations. Although the Condition, wherein you are going to leave me, is cruel and perillous, although you have every thing to fear from *Stenoppe*'s dangerous Spirit, Nature pleads, obey her Voice.

At theſe words, embracing *Philara* tenderly; fear nothing, ſaid I; I will go to *Iſgaoud*; but my ſtay there ſhall be ſo ſhort, that I hope to be able to pay you the Duty, which my Love, and your Virtue deſerves. Beſides, according to all Appearances, you have no longer any Thing to apprehend for me from the Queen's Fury; for theſe twelve Years, that we have lived in this Retirement, I have heard nothing of the Continuance

tinuance of her extravagant Paſſion; you have even been inform'd, on the contrary, by the Accounts of thoſe Friends whom I have left at *Iſgaoud*, that the amorous *Stenoppe* has found in *Ilimachus*, wherewith to comfort her for my Coldneſs.

Ah! my dear *Anthoras*, cry'd out *Philara* at theſe Words, how little do you know the Temper of our Sex! A Woman ſeldom forgets a Man's having ſlighted her Charms and her Advances; thoſe are Injuries that are very difficultly pardon'd. We may ceaſe to love, but we never ceaſe to hate the Man who by his Indifference has forced our Self-love to humble it ſelf. The Queen no longer loves you, but ſhe is not the leſs to be fear'd for that Reaſon; Her Affection for you might have reſtrain'd the Effects of her Fury; but being now wholly animated againſt you by Hatred and Revenge, ſhe will leave no Stone unturn'd to work your Deſtruction.

Be upon your Guard then againſt her, my dear Prince, continued ſhe, letting fall ſome Tears; my Life is ſo much wrapt up in your's, that the ſame Stroke which pierces you, would infallibly bring

bring me to my Grave. I return'd *Philara* a Thouſand Thanks, for this ſo generous and ſo tender Aſſurance, and ſpar'd no Pains to diſpel her Fears; but alas! it ſeem'd as if ſhe had a Foreboding of the Misfortune, to which ſhe was ſoon to fall the principal Victim. Although ſhe urg'd my Departure herſelf, I obſerv'd ſhe put ſuch a Conſtraint upon herſelf in ſo doing, that if I had not thought my Honour concern'd, I ſhou'd, doubtleſs, have ſtaid with her; nevertheleſs, tearing myſelf from the only Object in whom I placed my Happineſs, I poſted with all ſpeed to *Iſgaoud*. But, Heavens! how great was my Surprize, at finding an Inſurrection of the People, in a Place where I hoped to meet with nothing but Peace!

The cruel *Stenoppe* had incited Part of the Inhabitants of *Iſgaoud* to rebel, on pretence of reveñging the King's Death, and puniſhing me for that dreadful Parricide: Her principal Officers had put themſelves at their Head, and eſpecially the baſe *Ilimachus*. But *Amiſoas*, a Man of the greateſt Merit and Integrity, who knew my Innocence, had labour'd for my Intereſt with ſo much Ardour and Succeſs, that he had ſecured a pretty conſi-

conſiderable Party under his Command; and the Mutineers who were prepared to take away my Life, were happily prevented by his Prudence and Valour.

This generous Miniſter ſtole out of the City, the Night before I was expected, in order to meet me, and inform'd me in few Words how ill they were affected to me at *Iſgaoud*. I ſhudder'd with Horror on hearing the helliſh Treaſon whereof I was ſuſpected; I was ſo ſenſibly afflicted with the News of my Father's Death, that I ſhou'd doubtleſs have ſunk under it, if the Deſire of revenging it, and clearing myſelf of an Imputation that ſullied my Honour, had not ſupported me under ſuch a cutting Misfortune.

I followed the Advice then of *Amiſoas* exactly, and went privately to his Houſe; he had concerted Meaſures ſo well, that we arrived there without any Danger. This done, he immediately appriz'd his Friends of my Arrival, who came and aſſured me of their Zeal and Fidelity: Never in my Life had I more need of it then on this urgent Occaſion. In Effect, next Morning I appear'd at their Head, and march'd with them to-

wards

wards the Palace, hoping that my Preſence would have brought Part of my Subjects back to their Duty: But *Stenoppe* had prepoſſeſs'd them ſo ſtrongly againſt me, that I ſaw them immediately riſe and take up Arms.

As ſhe knew of my Arrival, ſhe ſent *Ilimachus* at the Head of her Guards to reinforce the Rebels; I was forced then to come to a general Engagement, which was long and doubtful, but at laſt Innocence and Virtue got the better of Injuſtice and Villainy. *Ilimachus* was kill'd upon the Spot, and we repulſed the Mutineers, who finding themſelves vigorouſly purſued, were conſtrain'd to throw down their Arms, and to have Recourſe to my Clemency: Whereupon I aſſured them that I would forget their Fault, on Condition they would reſtore me to their Eſteem, whereof an odious Prejudice had deprived me. After this, reſolving not to give the Queen Time to form a new Party, I advanced towards the Palace, which I inveſted on all Sides, and whereof I ſoon made myſelf Maſter after a faint Reſiſtance.

I then cauſed ſtrict Search to be made after the Queen, and 'twas not without great

great Difficulty that ſhe was to be found. She had deſign'd to make her Eſcape with young *Aſtanox*, but being diſcover'd, ſhe was brought before me. I confeſs, that notwithſtanding the ſubſtantial Reaſons of Complaint which I had againſt her, that I was moved with a real Compaſſion at the Condition wherein I ſaw her. Her Face was black and blue, her fine Hair hung diſhevell'd about her Neck, which was all mangled and ſcratch'd, and her Cloaths were torn in ſeveral Places.

In ſhort, beauteous Princeſſes, this mournful Sight aſſwaged my juſt Anger, I forgot in an Inſtant all her Crimes, and only thought of her Misfortunes; wherefore, going to meet her, with as much Reſpect as if ſhe had ſtill been upon the Throne: Cruel *Stenoppe*, ſaid I, after all your black Treachery, I ought to take the moſt exquiſite Revenge of you; not only you have baſely aſſaſſinated an unfortunate King who adored you; but you have endeavour'd to rob me of my Life, and of what is yet more dear to me, my Honour.

Nevertheleſs, as an Attonement for ſo many Enormities, I only require you

to

to confeſs them; reſtore me my Innocence publickly, and remove from Mens Minds that are in Suſpence, the Remains of a Suſpicion that is injurious to my Honour. This once done, Princeſs, reign in *Guriel*; I reſtore you that Kingdom; enjoy it with a perfect Tranquility; and only make uſe of the Life I leave you, to endeavour to attone for your Injuſtice; let your preſent Virtue make your paſt Crimes forgotten; happy if a perfect Repentance can at laſt open your Eyes, and reſtore you to Glory.

Ceaſe, *Anthoras*, interrupted the Queen, with a fierce Look, ceaſe to preſcribe me Laws which Death will ſoon prevent my obeying; thy Virtue ſtings me more than my Remorſe; I ſee, with Deſpair, the Aſcendant which the ſame Virtue gains over Wickedneſs; but that I may not ſurvive, both to the Shame of Virtue and my own Confuſion, know that I die poiſon'd; and have only Life enough left to confeſs publickly, that I have ador'd thee, that I was falſe to the King, and that 'twas by my Order that infamous Aſſaſſin plung'd a Poniard in his Heart.

After

After this Diſcovery, continued ſhe, which a Superior Power extorts from my Lips in ſpite of me, it is juſt that *Aſtanax* ſhould be the Executor of my laſt Will. Thou ſeeſt my Death, purſued ſhe, turning towards him, live only to revenge me: Let an eternal Hatred render *Anthoras* for ever odious to thee; let the whole Study of thy Days be to deprive him both of his Crown and his Life; in ſhort, render thyſelf worthy of the Blood whence thou deriveſt thy Birth.

This ſurprizing Speech had ſo much amazed me, as well as all the reſt who heard it, that we ſeem'd as if we were petrify'd; a deadly Shivering ran thro' all my Veins, and my Hair ſtood upright on my Head with Horror and Indignation: But the Anſwer of *Aſtanax* increas'd my Wonder and Aſtoniſhment. Yes, *Stenoppe*, ſaid he, I ſwear by the moſt ſolemn Oath, that *Anthoras* ſhall die only by my Hands, and that I will deprive him of Life as ſoon as Age ſhall give me Power and Strength.

Scarcely could the Queen hear an Anſwer which would have flatter'd her Fury ſo agreeably; the Poiſon ſhe had taken

ken work'd upon her with ſuch Violence, that it ſoon robb'd her both of Speech and of Life. What became of me, lovely Princeſſes, at the ſight of ſo tragical a Cataſtrophe? *Amiſoas* cauſed the Queen's Body to be removed; and they were even forced to ſeize upon little *Aſtanox*, who, as much a Child as he was, would have attempted to kill me: nevertheleſs, no longer having ſuch melancholy Spectacles before me, I turn'd all my Thoughts upon my dear *Philara*.

I immediately diſpatch'd a Courier to the Caſtle of *Inora*, and inform'd my illuſtrious Conſort of all the Dangers I had undergone, aſſuring her, that were it not for the Troubles wherein I was then involv'd, I would inſtantly have come and laid my Crown at her Feet, but that in a few Days my Love would bring me to her. Alas! at the very Moment that I was making a Promiſe ſo pleaſing to my Love, Fate was ſtabbing me in the moſt ſenſile Part: The barbarous *Stenoppe* had crown'd all her Treaſons by that which was moſt terrible to my Heart.

The implacable Queen, no ſooner heard of my Return to *Iſgaoud*, than not doubting

doubting but I ſhould fall under the helliſh Effects of her Treaſon, ſhe ſent away a Courier, in whom ſhe had an entire Confidence, to the Caſtle of *Inora*, with Orders to tell *Philara* that he was ſent by me to inform her of the extreme Danger to which I was expoſed; and to give his Report a greater Air of Truth, he was charged to acquaint her with all the Particulars of the Conſpiracy, and the Injuſtice the Queen did me. He was likewiſe to aſſure her, as from himſelf, that it was almoſt impoſſible I ſhould eſcape, being alone, and without Support, and having for my Enemy the moſt barbarous of Womankind.

The inhuman *Stenoppe*, rightly judged what a fatal Effect this News would have on the Heart of my lovely *Philara:* Accordingly, this unfortunate Princeſs no ſooner heard it, but ſhe was ſtruck with Death; ſhe fell in a Swoon, and never recover'd but to bring the little *Zennora* into the World: After which, perceiving that ſhe had but few Minutes to live, ſhe order'd the young *Acles*, and her new-born Daughter, to be brought to her.

Children,

Children, ſaid ſhe, I am going to meet your Father in the Grave; alas! what Reaſon ſhould I have to bleſs the Fate that is going to unite us again, if I did not abandon you to the moſt cruel Misfortunes. Great God! purſued ſhe faintly, protect the Innocent; 'tis unto thy Hands that I commit theſe pretious Pledges; thou alone can'ſt ſecure them from the Fury of their Enemies; vouchſafe to caſt a favourable Eye upon them; prolong their Days; or, if they muſt fall at laſt, let Virtue never forſake them, but accompany them to the Grave.

Dear Prince, continued ſhe, turning towards *Acles*, although you are yet in a very tender Age, you will be able to remember my Words, and my Death. Never forget whoſe Son you are; I have nothing to leave you, at my Deceaſe, but the Example of your Father; If you imitate his Virtue, you are richer than all the Kings in the Univerſe. I dare not propoſe to you to caſt your Eyes upon mine, I believe however it is not unworthy of the Rank to which I have been advanced. Farewel, my dear Son, added ſhe, remember your unfortunate Father, follow his virtuous Steps; learn from

from thence the Principles of Virtue wherewith his Life was fill'd, and endeavour to make yourſelf known throughout the World for his Son, by imitating his Virtue, rather than by aſſerting your Title to the Rank he leaves you.

She had hardly ended theſe Words before ſhe fell again into a long Swoon: In the mean while, the Courier whom I had ſent to her, arrived there, and immediately gave my Letter to the dying *Philara*, who was ſcarcely come to herſelf. They read it to her; and ſhe hearken'd to it with a Tranſport, which in ſpite of her Weakneſs, diſcover'd itſelf in her Eyes. Vain Succour! cry'd ſhe out, after having heard all it contain'd, you are come too late, nothing can reſtore me to Life; I feel the deadly Cold which ſpreads and benums my Limbs; but, at leaſt, I die with the Satisfaction of knowing, that all I love is above the Caprices of unjuſt Fortune. And you, my dear *Acles*, added ſhe, turning towards him, aſſure the King your Father, that nothing can be compared to the Deſpair which his Loſs gave me, but the Pleaſure I feel at the Certainty of his Life; beg him, in my Name, never to forget me, I deſerve it by

by the tender Love I have always had for him: She had ſcarce Strength to utter theſe laſt Words, but loſt her Senſes, and ſome Moments after her Life.

Can I repreſent to you what became of me on hearing this fatal News! No, I believe I ſhould do better to imitate that famous Painter of old, who not being able to paint the Deſpair of a King at the ſacrificing of his Daughter, bethought himſelf ingeniouſly to cover his Face. For, in ſhort, could my Heart be wounded in a more ſenſible Manner! to loſe almoſt at the ſame Time, a beloved Father, and a Wife that I adored! Alas! the Remembrance of this alone, ſtill overwhelms me with the moſt cruel Anguiſh; theſe melancholy Ideas are ever preſent before my Eyes; my dear *Philara* is always engraven in my Memory, and almoſt every Moment of my Life is ſpent in bemoaning her Loſs.

In ſhort, my fair Princeſſes, not to tire you with ſuch mournful Reflexions, I muſt paſs over a Diſaſter ſo terrible to me, and only tell you that being overwhelm'd with my Loſs, I abandon'd the Government of the Kingdom to the prudent *Amiſeas*, who began it by cauſing the

the Villain to be put to Death who was proved to have counterfeited my Hand: Moſt of the Wretches who were Accomplices in the Aſſaſſination of *Ortales* underwent likewiſe the ſame Puniſhment.

During theſe Tranſactions, confining myſelf in an obſcure part of my Palace, and abandoning myſelf to the moſt torturing Reflexions, I ſaw no body but *Acles*, and the little *Zennora*. 'Twas in their Arms that calling to Mind the Image of their Mother, I cauſed the laſt Words of the unfortunate *Philara* to be frequently repeated to me. I found therein continually freſh Reaſons for Deſpair; and, notwithſtanding the Tears they drew from my Eyes, they alone were pleaſing to me; I conſider'd their Energy; and all brought to my Mind the virtuous Character of this unfortunate Princeſs.

I paſs'd ſeveral Years in this criminal Inaction, committing the Government of my Dominions to the Prudence of the wiſe *Amiſoas*; perhaps, at laſt, I ſhould even have abdicated a Throne, whoſe Weight was inſupportable to me, if an extraordinary Adventure that happen'd at Court had not rouz'd me from this Lethargy.

I had order'd that young *Aſtanox* ſhould be brought up with as much Care as Prince *Acles*; I even hoped that Age, Reaſon, and Gratitude, would one Day ſoften the fierce Temper of this young Man: But it is certain, that if a good Education makes us conceal our Failings, it cannot correct the Principles of an evil Diſpoſition: Of this the Example of young *Aſtanox* is an inconteſtable Proof.

Acles, who was of a mild Temper, had not a little to ſuffer from the exceſſive Haughtineſs of the Prince of *Guriel*. The latter would always fly into a Paſſion, and their Sports never ended but with ſuch violent Diſputes, that if their Governors had not interpoſed to appeaſe them, they would have proceeded to fatal Extremities.

One Day when *Aſtanox* had flown into a Paſſion as uſual, young *Acles* aſk'd him calmly, what tranſported him to ſuch a violent Hatred againſt him. I don't hate thee perſonally, anſwered the furious *Aſtanox*, but thou deriveſt thy Birth from a Race that I abhor; I will deprive thee of Life, not ſo much as thou art Prince *Acles*, as becauſe thou art the

the Son of the perfidious *Anthoras.* Ah! this is too much, interrupted *Acles,* I ſhall know how to prevent thy pernicious Deſigns, and I will extinguiſh in thy Blood thy baſe Malice.

Having thus ſaid, theſe two Princes at the ſame Inſtant laid their Hands to their Swords, and were going to fall upon each other with the utmoſt Fury, if *Amiſoas* had not happen'd to come by at that Inſtant to part them. He ran between them, and looking at *Aſtanox* with Severity, Prince, ſaid he, you make an ill uſe of the Favours wherewith you are loaded every Day, and you will force the King to have Recourſe to his Authority to puniſh a rebellious Subject.

Amiſoas, anſwered the terrible Prince of *Guriel,* know that I acknowledge no Maſter, and that 'tis my Part to chaſtiſe unworthy Subjects, who dare give themſelves too much Liberty in my Preſence; and to convince thee of this Truth, receive the juſt Puniſhment of thy Raſhneſs, and the firſt Fruits of the mortal Stroke which I deſign for thy *Anthoras.* Having thus ſaid, the Prince of *Guriel* flew upon *Amiſoas,* and plung'd his Sword in his Boſom. The Stroke was ſo terrible,

and ſo ſudden, that this generous Miniſter loſt both his Blood and his Life in a Moment.

Hereupon the Witneſſes of this tragical Scene, ſeiz'd upon *Aſtanox*, and diſarming him, tho' not without Difficulty, came to inform me of this extraordinary Cataſtrophe. I was ſenſibly concerned at the Loſs of *Amiſoas*, who was a Man to be valued for his Virtue and his Integrity; and finding myſelf tranſported with a juſt Anger, I order'd young *Aſtanox* to be brought into my Preſence.

Perfidious Prince! ſaid I, is it thus then that you acknowledge my Kindneſs? Dare you, in the midſt of my Court, nay, almoſt before my Eyes, aſſaſſinate a faithful Miniſter, and wound me in ſuch a ſenſible part? Return Thanks to your Youth and my Clemency, continued I; were it not for that, you ſhould feel the Effects of my Juſtice, to puniſh you for ſuch an enormous Out-rage: Nevertheleſs, I ſhall know how to reſtrain the Tranſports of your Fury. Go, purſued I, face me no more till a ſincere Repentance for your Offence, renders you worthy of Pardon. Then turning

turning myſelf to the Captain of my Guards, I commanded him to conduct the Prince to the Tower appointed for Priſoners of State.

At this Order, *Aſtanox* looking on me with inconceivable Rage; *Antboras*, ſaid he, I know but one way to ſave thy Life, which ſooner or later I will take from thee; thou may'ſt appeaſe my Fury; one ſingle Word will pacify my Reſentment, otherwiſe neither Heaven or Earth can alter my Reſolution. And what Word is that, interrupted I, that can work a Change which I ſo earneſtly deſire? My Death, cry'd the Prince, that is the only way to tear from my Soul the implacable Hatred I bear thee.

Having thus ſaid, he walk'd fiercely out of my Apartment, and went to the Priſon that was appointed for him. I muſt confeſs, that I was ſurpriz'd at the Arrogance of this young Prince; not that I fear'd the Effects of his Menaces, but his Fierceneſs terrify'd me: I could not comprehend how any one could be capable of ſuch a Reſolution at the Age of Fifteen.

In the mean while, having no body in whom I cou'd confide, I re-aſſum'd with Sorrow the Reins of Government. 'Tis no little Matter to keep a People ſo barbarous and ſo changeable as the *Georgians* within the Bounds of their Duty. They are naturally ſo ſavage, that they look upon Lenity as a Weakneſs; wherefore I cou'd not pleaſe them, ſince 'twas not in my Power to paſs a cruel Sentence upon them. I heard them every Day murmur at my Clemency, and even the very Man who had juſt experienced it's ſweet Effects, would be the firſt to complain thereof.

Nevertheleſs I ſpent ſeveral Years in Tranquillity enough, without altering a Courſe of Life ſo conformable to Humanity; during which, little *Zennora*, and young *Acles*, improved ſo greatly by the Education that was given them, that I may ſay, without deviating from Truth, they were the Admiration of all that ſaw them.

'Twas much about this Time that young *Zulimo*, Prince of *Circaſſia*, arrived at my Court, having loſt his Father and Mother almoſt at the ſame Juncture.

A Per-

A Perfidious Subject, taking Advantage of his Youth, had poſſeſs'd himſelf of his Kingdom, and would have ſacrificed him to his Ambition; but the Prince, having found the Means to avoid Death, had with Difficulty made his Eſcape from his own Country, accompanied by a faithful Governor, who would not forſake this unfortunate young Prince, deſtitute of all Succour.

He directed his Steps then to *Iſgaoud*, and deſired Refuge of me with ſo much Grace, and Wit, that I was immediately affected with a Concern for this unfortunate Prince; wherefore I offer'd him the ſame Rank in my Court as Prince *Acles*, and gave him a magnificent Houſe and Equipage; in ſhort, I omitted nothing that a generous King ought to do on ſuch Occaſions.

I was not long before I was very well pleaſed with what I had done in Favour of *Zulimo*; that young Prince being full of Wit and Sweetneſs, and of ſo grateful a Diſpoſition, that the Proofs he gave me thereof every Day, redoubled my Affection to him. *Acles* was not in the leaſt jealous thereof; thoſe two Princes had enter'd into ſo ſtrict a Friendſhip,

thro' the Conformity of their Humours, that the Favours I conferr'd upon the one, were always equally acceptable to the other. Alas! this Tranquillity did not laſt long; I myſelf prevented it's Continuance.

I thought I had ſufficiently puniſh'd the raſh *Aſtanox*; I even accuſed myſelf, for the firſt Time, of a little too much Severity; and altho' I had appointed the Prince of *Guriel*, in his Priſon, the ſame Maſters, and the ſame Education that he could have received in the midſt of my Court, I judged that in almoſt ten Years that he had been confin'd, he muſt have alter'd his Temper and his Behaviour. I judg'd ſo the rather, becauſe thoſe I had appointed to guard him, aſſured me that he affected an extraordinary Mildneſs.

I cauſed him then to be brought into my Apartment; Prince, ſaid I, 'tis Time for you to re-aſſume the Rank that is deſign'd you near my Throne: I doubt not but Reaſon has at laſt open'd your Eyes as to the Errors of your Childhood; and that, conſequently, you are entirely amended. I wiſh it both for your Sake and mine; ſince by the happy Change, which

which I hope to meet with in your Heart, you will find, in your King, a tender Brother, ready to do every Thing to teſtify his Affection to you.

My Lord, anſwer'd this Prince, I am gratefully ſenſible of your Favours, and am confounded at my paſt Faults, wherefore I will uſe my utmoſt Endeavours that my preſent Conduct may cauſe them to be forgotten: After theſe few Words *Aſtanox* made me a very low Bow, and went out of my Apartment.

Although I had all the Reaſon in the World to be ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer, I thought I obſerved in the Prince of *Guriel*'s Eyes the ſame Fierceneſs that was ſo viſible there formerly; wherefore, as I deſign'd one Day to reſtore to him the Throne of his Anceſtors, I was willing to enquire narrowly into his moſt ſecret Sentiments, in order to give the People of *Guriel* a King worthy to command them.

I ordered therefore ſeveral faithful Emiſſaries to have a ſtrict Eye upon his Behaviour, and give me an exact Account thereof. It was not long before I was inform'd by divers Perſons, and

even by *Acles* himſelf, that the Prince of *Guriel* was infinitely alter'd; that an extraordinary Sweetneſs had uſurp'd the Place of his extreme Fierceneſs; that he endeavoured to make himſelf beloved; and even that he ſucceeded therein.

This News gave me a ſenſible Pleaſure, I muſt confeſs nevertheleſs that 'twas with Difficulty I cou'd believe it real: I ſuſpected *Aſtanox* of an artful Diſſimulation, neither was I miſtaken. As I examin'd him with more Attention than others, I obſerved in his moſt trifling Actions an Air of Conſtraint, which in ſpite of his Cunning, diſcover'd itſelf in his Eyes; but not having any viſible Reaſon to complain of him, I treated him with all the Diſtinction which I thought his Due.

Some Time paſs'd on in this ſweet Tranquillity, but, alas! what Troubles and Misfortunes were to ſucceed it: *Aſtanox* inſenſibly conceived as violent a Love for *Zennora*, as her Eyes were capable of inſpiring; he even ventur'd to declare his Paſſion to her: But although the Confeſſion of his Flame was attended with all the Submiſſion imaginable, the young Princeſs received it with a Haughtineſs.

tineſs that made the Prince of *Guriel* tremble.

How dare you, *Aſtanox*, ſaid ſhe, in my Preſence, make a Diſcovery of Sentiments ſo contrary both to your Glory and mine! Do you forget that we are allied in Blood, and muſt I, in order to re-call you to your Duty, make you ſenſible of all the Indignation your Procedure cauſes in me! Go, purſued ſhe, ſuppreſs for ever a Paſſion as unreaſonable as vain; or prepare to ſee it return'd only with Diſdain, and Reſentment. The Prince of *Guriel* was infinitely ſtung with this Anſwer; nevertheleſs he diſſembled his Anger, and was ſome Time without ſhewing any Signs either of his Love, or his Vexation.

In the mean while, *Zennora* inform'd me of the Paſſion of *Aſtanox*; whereupon I ordered her to avoid all Occaſions of ſpeaking to this Prince; but I had no need to have Recourſe to my Authority to induce her to obey me. Beſides the ſecret Averſion ſhe had to *Aſtanox*, her Heart was not inſenſible of the Merit of the Prince of *Circaſſia*.

Young *Zulimo* likewiſe ador'd the Princeſs, and altho' he had not dared to declare his Love openly, his Eyes and his Sighs had long been the Interpreters of his Heart. The Princeſs, who ſympathiz'd with his Sentiments, had not been able to avoid underſtanding their Language, nor being moved therewith, and making a ſuitable Return. In the mean while, the Paſſion of *Aſtanox* proving at laſt too ſtrong for his Diſſimulation, he reſolved to ſpeak to me thereof; to which End he deſired a private Audience of me, which having been granted:

My Lord, ſaid he, as your Equity is generally known, I have Reaſon to believe, that you will conſent without Difficulty to reſtore to me the Throne of my Anceſtors, and that if I am not yet crown'd in *Guriel*, 'tis only that you may the better judge whether I am worthy of that Honour. But, my Lord, if your Juſtice reſtores me my Kingdom, let the Goodneſs of your Heart induce you to grant me a Favour, a thouſand Times more valuable then all the Scepters in the Univerſe. I adore the Princeſs your Daughter, vouchſafe to grant her to my Love, and let a happy Mar-

riage

riage make me the moſt bleſt of Mankind.

Ah! Prince, interrupted I haſtily, what do you ask me? Do you no longer remember whoſe Son you are? Wou'd you have me conſent to a Match which is directly repugnant both to Nature and Reaſon? Ah! Brother, continued I, that Title alone ought to make you for ever renounce this unjuſt Deſire. Hope not then that I will authorize, nor even that I will ſuffer a criminal Paſſion; and force me not to complain of you for ſuch a reaſonable Cauſe.

As to the Kingdom of *Guriel*, it is your's, I am ready to reſign it to you; but, Prince, in aſcending the Throne, let Virtue accompany your Steps; begin by conquering yourſelf, and let all the World know that true Heroiſm conſiſts leſs in Courage and Intrepidity, than in Wiſdom, Prudence, and Reaſon.

During this Speech, I look'd attentively on the Prince of *Guriel*, and ſaw him grow pale, and redden ſucceſſively; a violent Rage was likewiſe viſible in his Eyes, nevertheleſs getting the better of his Anger:

'Tis

'Tis done, my Lord, ſaid he, being moved with the Nobleneſs of your Sentiments, I am going to endeavour to imitate and to follow them; but ſuffer me to conſider on the Means to arrive at that Perfection in Liberty. Having thus ſaid, the Prince went out of my Cloſet, after ſaluting me reſpectfully, and left me in ſuſpence what Courſe I ought to take with him. I was confirm'd more than ever in my Suſpicions of the Prince's Diſſimulation; and repented my not having taken ſufficient Precautions to ſecure myſelf from it: But what cou'd I lawfully have done againſt a Perſon who did nothing unworthy of his Rank? Why ſhould Deceit and Villainy diſguiſe themſelves unpuniſhed with the Maſk of Virtue, without it's being poſſible to diſtinguiſh them!

I was ſtill buried in theſe Reflexions, when a Letter was brought me from the Prince of *Guriel*, which I opened haſtily, and wherein I found theſe Words.

LETTER.

LETTER.

I Have put too great a Conſtraint upon the Hatred I bear thee; it is Time for it to ſhew itſelf in it's full Extent. Know then, Anthoras, *that if I have diſſembled, it was only that I might take time to form a Party, wherewith I might tear from thee both thy Scepter and thy Life; I ſhall ſoon be in a Condition to ſatiate my Rage, and to owe only to myſelf, the Throne of my Anceſtors, the Crown of* Imirez, *and the Heart of the ungrateful* Zennora.

ASTANOX.

The reading of this Letter ſurpriz'd me to the laſt Degree; I did not indeed expect ſuch an authentick Declaration; nevertheleſs I ſent the Captain of my Guards to ſearch every where for the perfidious Prince of *Guriel*, but was inform'd ſoon after that he was gone from *Iſgaoud*, attended by his faithful *Thirpaz*. Hereupon, I diſpatched ſeveral Couriers to ſtop him, but 'twas too late, all my Precautions were in vain. I was forced then

to

to take Care for the Preſervation of my own Dominions; I did not doubt but *Aſtanox* had a ſettled Correſpondence with the *Gurielians*, I was even apprehenſive that he likewiſe held an Intelligence with my own Subjects: Alas! I was but too much confirm'd in my Sufpicions in the End.

Nevertheleſs I was near a Year without hearing any Thing of the Prince of *Guriel*; I began even to flatter myſelf that my Precautions had defeated the Deſigns of *Aſtanox*, when a terrible Accident made me find that I was deceived, and was within a little of deſtroying all I held moſt dear in the World.

One Day, when I was Hunting, the firſt Time after the Flight of *Aſtanox*, I loſt my Way inſenſibly, and found myſelf by the ſide of a Spring, which by it's Murmurs ſeem'd to invite me to enjoy the Coolneſs of it's Waters. I diſmounted then to quench the Thirſt which tormented me, but had hardly had Time to faſten my Horſe to a Tree, when I ſaw myſelf attack'd by eight Men in Maſks, who ſurrounded me on all Sides.

Although

Although I eaſily imagin'd that my Death was inevitable, I did not fail to put myſelf in a Poſture of Defence: How little ſoever we value Life, Nature always oppoſes it's Deſtruction. Wherefore, ſetting my Back againſt a Tree, I endeavoured to prolong my unfortunate Life ſome Minutes. Already I perceived that my Strength began to fail; my Blood guſh'd out at ſeveral Wounds on all Sides; in ſhort, my fair Princeſſes, I was upon the Point of periſhing, if Chance had not brought the Princes *Acles* and *Zulimo* that way. They had been ſeeking me earneſtly every where; the envenom'd Hatred of *Aſtanox* made them tremble for me every Moment; judge then their Surprize and Deſpair, when they ſaw me ready to fall under the Hands of theſe infamous Aſſaſſins.

They did not heſitate one Moment what they ſhou'd do on this Occaſion; but advanced courageouſly in the midſt of theſe *Barbarians*; and although they were all eight arm'd with Cuiraſſes, and Helmets, the two Princes wounded ſeveral of them, and at laſt put them to Flight. In all Probability, theſe baſe Miniſters

Miniſters of *Aſtanox*'s Cruelty, were apprehenſive that the Reſt of my Retinue would have come and fallen on them; otherwiſe it would have been eaſy for them, in ſpite of our Reſiſtance, to have ſacrificed us all three to their Fury.

However it was, they left us Maſters of the Field of Battle, but good God! how cruel was this Victory to me! I had fallen with Wearineſs and Weakneſs, at the Foot of the Tree againſt which I leaned; *Acles*, who would have come to my Help, being no longer animated by his Anger, could not ſupport himſelf on Horſeback, but fell to the Earth almoſt without any Senſes; as for *Zulimo*, he had indeed Strength enough to diſmount, and come up to me; but ſoon finding it exhauſted by the great Quantity of Blood wherewith he colour'd the Earth, he fell down by my Side. Good Heavens! what a diſmal Sight was here, for a tender Father, and a grateful Friend!

We looked then ſome Time at each other without ſpeaking one Word; our Eyes alone expreſſed our Deſpair and our Fears; at laſt, ſtriving with my Weakneſs,

neſs, dear *Acles*, ſaid I, turning towards him, I give you Death as a Reward for my Life which you would have ſaved; Alas! muſt my Eyes be Witneſſes of the wretched Condition to which you are reduced. Juſt Heaven! cry'd I faintly, take from me the few Moments I have left, rather than let me ſee a Son expire, whom I have ſo much Reaſon to love.

Ah! my Lord, interrupted *Acles* with a faint Voice, ceaſe to lament my Fate, I think it too glorious, ſince 'tis in defending your Life that I am going to end mine. Scarcely could the Prince utter theſe laſt Words, before he loſt the uſe of his Senſes, and fell into a Swoon, inſomuch that I thought him dead. Cruel Fortune! cry'd I out in that Agony, thou ſhalt not long enjoy the dreadful Deſpair thou cauſeſt in my Soul. Having thus ſaid, I made one laſt Effort, and would have ſeized my Sword which lay by me, to have plunged it in my Heart; but *Zulimo*, who had been Witneſs to my Fury, miſtruſting my cruel Intention, reach'd out his Hand haſtily, and ſeiz'd on the deadly Sword wherewith I deſign'd to have ended both my Misfortunes and my Life.

Ah!

Ah! Prince, ſaid I, will you by an inhuman Pity obliterate the freſh Obligation I have to you? Can I ſupport the Misfortunes that overwhelm me? And is it not better to die at one Blow, than to let my Eyes be the melancholy Spectators of the Cauſe of my Deſpair?

Ah! my Lord, anſwered the Prince, is this *Anthoras* that expreſſes ſo much Weakneſs! Does that ſo wiſe and ſo generous Monarch ſink under his Afflictions, like the meaneſt of Mankind! What is become of that Greatneſs of Soul, which uſed to diſtinguſh you ſo advantageouſly from ordinary Men? 'Tis true, Fortune could hardly have wounded you in a more ſenſible Part; but, perhaps, fatal Appearances deceive you: Beſides, wou'd you reſign your Crown, and the adorable *Zennora* to the perfidious *Aſtanox*?

As *Zulimo* uttered theſe laſt Words, part of my Attendants came up to us; judge how great muſt be the Aſtoniſhment of theſe Hunters to find us all cover'd with Wounds, and weltring in our Blood. They came firſt to me, but ſtopping

ping the moſt officious; run, ſaid I, to Prince *Acles*, if he is dead I have no need of your Aſſiſtance. This Order was executed with ſo much Speed and Succeſs, that within a Minute after they had thrown Water in the Prince's Face, I ſaw him open his Eyes.

Never was I ſenſible of a more lively Joy; I then ſuffer'd my Wounds to be dreſſed, and ordered a particular Care to be taken of the Prince of *Circaſſia*, to whom I owed my Life twice in one and the ſame Inſtant. In ſhort, my Princeſſes, they carried us to *Iſgaoud*; our Surgeons did not judge our Wounds mortal, although the chief of them aſſured me that mine were more dangerous than thoſe of the two Princes. This News made no Impreſſion upon me, ſince the Lives of my Deliverers were ſafe, I was very little anxious about mine.

In Effect, ſoon after *Acles* and *Zulimo* were entirely out of Danger, and able to come into my Apartment; I ſaw them again with Raptures, and ſaid to them all that Gratitude could inſpire. In the mean while, far from recovering of my Wounds, I felt my ſelf grow

grow worſe and worſe every Day. *Zennora* and the Princes perceiving that my Strength failed me more and more, were inconſolable, and gave me, by their Care, freſh Proofs of their Affection.

One Day, when finding my ſelf worſe than uſual, my Wounds were to be dreſſed, the two Princes would be Witneſſes of their Condition, and were greatly aſtoniſh'd to find them yet worſe than they were the firſt Day. At this Sight, *Zulimo* not being able to maſter his firſt Tranſports, drew his Sword, and ſeizing my head Surgeon with a ſtrong Arm, he threw him at his Feet, and making the Steel glitter in his Eyes: Traytor, ſaid he, thou ſhalt die, if thou doſt not this Minute own thy criminal Correſpondence with the treacherous *Aſtanox*. At theſe Words, which the Prince of *Circaſſia* utter'd with Fury, although without any certain Foundation, the Surgeon falter'd in his Anſwers, which increaſing *Zulimo*'s Suſpicion; confeſs, continued he, if not, I ſwear I will inſtantly plunge this Sword in thy Breaſt.

At this terrible Threat, the perfidious Wretch being afraid of loſing his Life, implored my Pardon, and confeſs'd a Crime, the Diſcovery whereof was owing merely to Suſpicion. He own'd then, that a Perſon unknown came to him, and brought him a conſiderable Sum of Money from *Aſtanox*, to protract the Cure of my Wounds, and at laſt to poiſon them. This Confeſſion made us all ſhudder with Horror; but the Surgeon reſuming the Diſcourſe, aſſured us he had not yet made uſe of any Poiſon, and would be anſwerable for my Life.

In effect, within a few Days I was entirely at Eaſe, and was ſoon after in a Condition to quit my Bed and my Chamber. Wherefore I would not deliver the Surgeon into the Hands of Juſtice, but contented myſelf with baniſhing him my Dominions for his Life. As for *Zulimo*, I knew not how to teſtify my Gratitude ſufficiently to him; wherefore, Prince, ſaid I to him one Day, you have deſerved ſo much above all ordinary Rewards, that I am at a Loſs what to offer you; nothing can acquit me of my Obligations to you ——

Hold,

Hold, my Lord, anſwer'd the Prince bluſhing, you poſſeſs a Treaſure which alone is the End of my Deſires, but, alas! I dare not aſpire to it. —— What, ſay you, *Zulime*, interrupted I haſtily, this injurious Doubt offends me; if there is any Thing in my Diſpoſal, ſpeak it, and be aſſured that your Deſires ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

Well then, my Lord, reply'd the Prince, falling at my Knees, I adore the charming *Zennora*; and if you vouchſafe to approve of my Paſſion, I ſhall have nothing more to wiſh. Not only I approve thereof, my dear Son, anſwer'd I, embracing him, but I engage my Royal Word, that *Zennora* ſhall have no other Spouſe than the amiable Prince of *Circaſſia*.

It would, I believe, be ſuperfluous, my beauteous Princeſſes, to repeat to you what tender Thanks the Prince return'd me, they are eaſily to be imagin'd in a Man truly in Love; but, in ſhort, in order to deſerve them with Juſtice, I ſent for *Zennora*, and commanded her to look on the Prince of *Circaſſia* for the future, as the Man whom I deſign'd

I deſign'd her for her Huſband. I perceived with Pleaſure, that this Injunction ſenſibly delighted her; ſhe promis'd to obey me with a Joy in her Eyes, which made me eaſily underſtand, that their Hearts ſympathiz'd with each other.

The News of this Marriage was ſoon ſpread about *Iſgaoud*, and, no doubt, haſten'd the Execution of the baſe *Aſtanax*'s Deſigns. In effect, I heard ſome Days after that the *Gurelians* had revolted openly, and that they had not only acknowledg'd *Aſtanax* for their lawful King, but alſo that this Prince, having put himſelf at their Head, was coming to fall upon my Dominions, with a conſiderable Body of Forces.

As I had expected this Irruption for a long Time, I found it no Difficulty to levy a pretty numerous Army, wherewith I marched from *Iſgaoud*, and advanced to meet my Enemies. *Zennora* would accompany me in this Expedition; I had at firſt ſome Trouble in reſolving to expoſe her to Fortune's capricious Frowns; but when I began to reflect that I ſhould leave her alone, to the Diſcretion of a fickle and ſavage People, who, perhaps, would deliver her up to the Conqueror,

that they might obtain more advantageous Terms, I determin'd to yield to her Impatience. Beſides, *Acles* and *Zulimo* deſired it of me ſo earneſtly, that I complied with their urgent Requeſts.

We advanced then by long Marches to meet the Prince of *Guriel*; who, having a ſecret Correſpondence with my own Subjects, readily concurr'd with my Impatience to engage him. Our Armies then were ſoon in ſight of each other; but, before we came to a general Battle, I ſent to offer Peace to *Aſtanox*, aſſuring him, that, provided he did not come to attack me in my Dominions, I would leave him the entire Poſſeſſion of his own Territories, and promiſed him an eternal Friendſhip. But this barbarous Prince, inſtead of conſenting to ſuch a reaſonable Treaty, ſent me word back with an extraordinary Arrogance, that there was no Peace to be contracted between us; for he had equally a Deſign againſt my Crown, my Daughter, and my Life: After which, advancing in good Order to meet me, he offer'd me Battle.

It was terrible and bloody; and I dare aver, that if moſt part of my own Subjects

Subjects had not betray'd me baſely, by going over to *Aſtanox*, he would never have got the Day; but I was forced to quit the Field: Nevertheleſs, my Retreat was made in ſuch good Order, that he had no Reaſon to glory in his Victory: In ſhort, my Princeſſes, not to tire you with a tedious Recital of Particulars, I ſhall only ſay, that in ſpite of my own Courage, and the heroick Bravery of *Zulimo* and *Acles*, I ſaw myſelf reduced, at the End of three Campaigns, to abandon my Kingdom to the Diſcretion of this Uſurper.

I was forced then, by the extreme Baſeneſs of my Subjects, to throw myſelf into a Caſtle, pretty well fortify'd, on the Coaſts of the *Black Sea*, the only Remains of a pretty ſplendid Fortune. Alas! was ever Monarch more unfortunate! How cruelly did I experience, on this Occaſion, the little Stability there is in human Grandeur! Nevertheleſs, I reſolved to bury myſelf in the Ruins of the Caſtle, where I had taken Refuge; I cauſed it to be fortify'd with the greateſt Care, and prepar'd myſelf to defend it to the laſt Gaſp.

One Thing that moſt ſenſibly afflicted me in my Misfortunes, was, that the young Prince of *Circaſſia* had not been able to follow us in our Retreat; Part of *Aſtanox*'s Army had intercepted his Paſſage, and prevented his joining us. I was infinitely concern'd thereat, but *Zennora* ſeem'd inconſolable; her Heart, on this Occaſion, diſcover'd, in ſpite of her, her Affection for the amiable *Zulimo*: In vain did Prince *Acles* and I ſtrive to diſpel her Tears for this Prince's Fate; we could not perſuade her to what we did not believe ourſelves.

In the mean while the perfidious King of *Guriel*, came and beſieged us with inconceivable Malice; he ſent inſolently to ſummon me to ſurrender, and deliver him up the Princeſs, in which Caſe he was willing to grant me my Life. I anſwer'd him fiercely, that as long as I had a Drop of Blood remaining in my Veins, I would endeavour to defend myſelf againſt a cruel Tyrant; and that I was aſſured, my Daughter, by my Example, would prefer a glorious Death, to the Ignominy wherewith he wanted to blacken her.

This

This Anſwer redoubled the Fury of *Aſtanox*, inſomuch that he carry'd on the Siege with ſuch Vigour, that, notwithſtanding the utmoſt Efforts of thoſe few Troops that continued faithful to me, I perceiv'd I ſhould be ſoon forced to ſurrender or die: There was no Difficulty in the Choice, but the Fate of *Acles* and *Zennora*, moved me with the moſt tender Compaſſion. I knew them both to be too generous to ſurvive my Defeat; wherefore we expected from Day to Day the fatal Extremity which was to deliver us up to certain Death.

But the Decrees of Heaven are impenetrable; we ought never to give ourſelves up to Deſpair, ſince Providence is always watchful to protect that Virtue which it form'd itſelf. In Effect, who is the Man, that, on ſuch a cruel Occaſion, wou'd not have judg'd his Deſtruction inevitable? Nevertheleſs, Fortune delivered us at the very Inſtant when there was leaſt Hopes thereof.

Aſtanox had no Fleet, wherefore 'twas only on the Land Side that we were beſieged; he had no Reaſon to fear our eſcaping him by Sea, becauſe I was deſti-

tute of any Shipping; but by ſurprizing good Luck, the Prince of *Circaſſia*, who had got clear of the Enemies Purſuit, rightly judging that we could not make a long Reſiſtance, diſguiſed himſelf carefully, and poſting with all Speed along the Coaſt of the *Black Sea*, bought a little Veſſel with ſome Slaves, and getting into it, arriv'd fortunately by Night at the Caſtle, where we were entirely hopeleſs.

Judge, my fair Princeſſes, the Exceſs of our Joy; all that Love cou'd inſpire on one Side, and Gratitude on the other, to expreſs our deep Senſe of this Relief, was made uſe of by *Zennora*, the Prince, and myſelf: But as we had no Time to loſe, we reſolved to make our Eſcape that very Night. Nevertheleſs, as it was to be fear'd the reſt of the Garriſon would oppoſe our going, and would deliver us up to the barbarous *Aſtanox*, I took Care to give out that the Prince of *Circaſſia* was come to our Aſſiſtance, and that the Veſſel wherein he came was full of Ammunition and Proviſion, which we would fetch next Morning into the Magazines; that the ſame Bark would often ſerve us for the ſame Uſe; and that this Prince had even determined

determined ſome Troops to throw themſelves into the Caſtle for our Defence.

This Precaution lull'd aſleep the Suſpicions of the Soldiers; who rejoiced extremely at *Zulimo*'s fortunate Arrival; but, as ſoon as Night was advanced, *Zennora*, the two Princes, and myſelf, haſten'd ſecretly to the Prince of *Circaſſia*'s Bark, where we no ſooner arrived, but we weighed Anchor, and ſteer'd our Courſe to *Turkey*.

I confeſs to you, my charming Princeſſes, that nothing but ſuch an urgent Concern, as that by whlch I was then actuated, could have made me reſolve to abandon my unfortunate Garriſon to the Fury of *Aſtanox*; I even reproach myſelf for it ſecretly every Day. But, in ſhort, not being able to ſave my Children without this Treachery, ſince they would never have conſented to leave me alone in that fatal Caſtle, I reſolved upon it, tho' with Difficulty.

We had not ſail'd many days before we arrived at *Heraclea*, where having united *Zennora* and *Zulimo* by an indiſſoluable Knot, we gave our Slaves their Liberty and our Bark, and diſguiſing ourſelves

ſelves well, reſolv'd to go to *Conſtantinople* to demand the Aſſiſtance of his *Highneſs*. We croſs'd *Pontus* and *Cappadocia* then without any Hindrance; but having imprudently ventured too far amongſt the Mountains of *Bythinia*, we wander'd up and down ſome Time in thoſe uninhabited Parts; at laſt, meeting with this Place, I found it ſo quiet, that having long been fatigu'd with the Croſſes of this Life, I could not forbear repreſenting to the Prince, and my dear *Zennora*, that the moſt Sovereign Happineſs was to be found in a Retirement, free from the Revolutions of an extravagant and ridiculous Ambition.

Hereupon I made them a moving Deſcription, of the Sweets that muſt attend a noble Renunciation of the chimerical Grandeur of this World; after which, I propoſed to them to withdraw ourſelves from the Eyes of Mankind, and expreſſed to them ſo ſtrong a Deſire of ſettling in this Place, that the Princes and the Princeſs, in whom Wiſdom had by far out-ſtript their Years, accepted the Propoſal with Pleaſure: And during eight Years, under the Habits of *Derviſes*, we have here enjoy'd perfect Happineſs, which your Arrival increaſed, and which nothing

nothing could have diſturbed but the Death of *Aſtanox*.

Thus did the wiſe King of *Georgia* conclude his Relation, and left his Audience amaz'd at the extraordinary Events with which his Life was fill'd. If they could not entirely prevent *Jakaya*'s again tempting the Frowns of Fortune, they at leaſt induced him to make very ſerious Reflexions upon her Inconſtancy; *Felicia*, whoſe Underſtanding and Mind was ſolid, tho' ambitious, felt within herſelf the Force of thoſe Emotions which Truth alone has a Right to excite in our Souls; and *Cherſeg* and *Mariana* were not the laſt to conceive that *Anthoras*, after ſo many Croſſes, had at laſt met with ſovereign Happineſs; but the Moment wherein they were to attain to it themſelves, was not yet come. The Supreme Being has wiſely preſcribed a Time for all the Incidents of Life; accordingly the Impreſſion the Diſcourſe of *Anthoras* made upon them was but tranſitory.

Wherefore, after having thanked the King for the Trouble he had taken, and aſking him Pardon for the little Reſpect they had ſhown him till then, it was concluded that the two Princeſſes ſhou'd re-

main in the Cave, whilſt *Jakaya* and *Cherſeg* ſhould go and join the Army of the Rebels. It was reaſonable to imagine that they would get with much more Eaſe to *Peri*, and *Oſman*, when they had nothing to apprehend for the Objects of their Love.

It was reſolved therefore that they ſhould ſet out immediately on their Journey thither; but, good Heavens! what Pen can repreſent the Cruelty of this Separation! Never did Love inſpire more tender Sentiments, or more lively Complaints; I will not pretend to deſcribe them, ſince they were beyond Expreſſion: As never any one was more amorous than *Jakaya* and the Prince of *Illyria*, 'tis eaſy to believe that their Expreſſions were ſuitable to their Paſſion; and the Princeſſes anſwered them with ſo much Vivacity and Affection, that I ſhould be afraid of injuring their Love, if I ſhould only copy their Wit, wherefore I chooſe rather to leave it to the Imagination to ſupply them.

The ſage *Anthoras*, who was Witneſs to their Affliction, could not help teſtifying his Amazement thereat. What! ſaid

ſaid he, is it yourſelves who cauſe your own Misfortunes! a vain Idea of Grandeur forces you to part! O Heavens! How weak is our Reaſon in Competition with the Paſſions which Nature inſpires! But, alas! 'twas in vain that this prudent Monarch ſtrove to avert the Force of Deſtiny: 'Twas written in the Heavens that *Jakaya*'s was to be unfortunate; accordingly he fulfilled it in it's utmoſt Extent.

In ſhort, he ſet out from the Cave of the wiſe King of *Georgia*, in Company with the Prince of *Illyria*. Although this generous Prince might have excuſed himſelf from going with him, having no longer any Thing to hope for, or aſpire to, ſince he had again found *Mariana*, he could never reſolve to leave *Jakaya* alone expoſed to the Fury of the War. If true Friendſhip does not cauſe ſuch lively Tranſports as Love, at leaſt the Tie is much more ſolid.

Cherſeg gave a convincing Proof hereof on this Occaſion; the Tears of an amiable and adored Princeſs could not prevent the Effects of his generous Friendſhip; he left his beloved *Mariana*,

and having diſguiſed himſelf, together with the *Turkiſh* Prince, they both arrived by Night at *Nicea*. As 'twas now almoſt three Months ſince they had eſcaped from the *Seraglio*, without any one's having been able to diſcover their Foot-ſteps, they began by Degrees to grow remiſs in the Precautions which the *Sultan* had ordered to be obſerved in the Frontier Towns; beſides, the Siege of *Bagdat*, which the *Sophi* of *Perſia* carried on with the utmoſt Vigour, had drawn Part of the *Grand Signior*'s Troops on that Side: Wherefore the two Princes arrived at laſt at the Army of *Peri Baſſa*, after meeting with ſome ſmall Difficulties.

I ſhall not undertake to deſcribe the Tranſports of Joy, which the ambitious *Oſman* felt, not only on ſeeing *Jakaya* again, but on hearing alſo that *Felicia* was eſcaped from the *Seraglio*, and was in a place of Safety: The *Vizier* ſoon forgot his former Diſgrace, in Conſideration of the Pleaſure he then enjoy'd.

The two Chiefs of the Rebels immediately publiſh'd the Arrival of the *Sultan Jakaya* throughout their Camp, which

which done they ſhow'd him to their Soldiers; and, next Morning, at the Head of the Army, they both of them reſigned their Authority into the Hands of their Emperor, who was unanimouſly proclaimed *Sultan* by all the Troops.

Jakaya received theſe Marks of their Affection, and this Dignity, to which he was lawfully intitled, with a Majeſty full of Sweetneſs, which redoubled the Acclamations of all the Officers and Soldiers: Neither would the new *Sultan* accept the Honours that were offered him, but to ſhare them with the Prince of *Illyria*. Accordingly he diſcovered his real Quality, and the two *Viziers* made no Scruple of commanding under him.

In the mean while this News was ſoon divulged throughout the *Ottoman* Empire; the more becauſe *Jakaya*, being willing to take Advantage of the Powerful Diverſion cauſed by the *Perſians*, made a conſiderable Progreſs in *Aſia*. Hereupon, *Achmet*, and the *Divan*, who were apprized thereof, ſent a conſiderable Re-inforcement to the *Baſſa Jeſteden*, whom they had intruſted with the Care of chaſtiſing the Rebels, and expreſsly commanded

commanded him to ſpare no Pains to come to a deciſive Battle.

Accordingly *Jeſteden*, who together with a conſummate Bravery, had all the Experience of a great General, received the Order with Pleaſure and Reſpect, and at laſt managed Matters ſo well, that he thought himſelf in a Condition to venture an Engagement. The new *Sultan* who thirſted only after Glory, Empire and Love, was charm'd with the Enemy's Reſolution; wherefore with the Aſſiſtance of *Cherſeg*, *Peri*, and *Oſman*, he ſought out the moſt advantageous Places for his Army, harangued his Soldiers, promiſed them conſiderable Rewards, and at laſt gave himſelf up to the vain Hopes of Victory.

But, alas! he was cruelly deceived in his Expectation; notwithſtanding his own and *Cherſeg*'s extreme Valour, and the Bravery of all the other Chiefs, his Army was entirely defeated. He ſaw the Prince of *Illyria* fall by his Side pierced with many Wounds; he was likewiſe a Witneſs of the Death of *Peri Baſſa*, and the taking of *Oſman*; and if he had not himſelf chang'd Habits very ſeaſonably with a *Spahi*, he would himſelf have been taken

taken Priſoner. Is it poſſible that a Man ſhould undergo ſo many Croſſes, without ſinking under them!

Nevertheleſs, *Jakaya* being ſupported by his Courage and his Love, did not ſuffer himſelf to be caſt down by ſuch a conſtant Series of Misfortunes. The Leſſons of the wiſe *Anthoras* began however to take Root in his Soul; he regretted the Loſs of his Army, the Death of *Peri*, and the Misfortune of *Oſman*; but the cruel End of the unhappy Prince of *Illyria* afflicted him ſo ſenſibly, that his Deſpair was within a very little of getting the better of his Reaſon.

At laſt, however he overcame thoſe Emotions which Friendſhip render'd ſo afflicting to him; and traverſing *Moldavia* and *Walachia* in a Fryar's Habit, at length arrived in *Poland*, where King *Sigiſmund* then reigned. He had in vain attempted to return to the Cave of *Anthoras*; the Paſſages were ſo dangerous, that this Prince choſe rather to wander ſome Time in foreign Courts, than to run the Hazard of falling alive into the Power of *Achmet*.

'Twas

'Twas not ſo much the Care of his Life that made him avoid a barbarous Brother, as the Thoughts of the adorable *Felicia*. She was without Hopes, and without Support, 'twas his Love which had brought this unfortunate Princeſs into the Abyſs of Miſery; he was partly the Cauſe of *Oſman*'s Diſaſter, ſince he had at firſt ſerved as a Pretence for the Revolt of this ambitious *Vizier*; all theſe Reaſons helped to perſuade him to preſerve his Life, that he might under it be ſerviceable to the beauteous *Felicia*.

He arrived then at laſt at *Cracow*, after extraordinary Troubles and Fatigues: But as he was a long Time in getting thither, he found at the *Poliſh* Court, an Envoy from his *Highneſs*, who came to beg *Sigiſmund*, in his Maſter's Name, to deliver up *Jakaya*, in Caſe he ſhould have taken Refuge in his Dominions, after his Defeat.

The *Turkiſh* Prince heard this News with ſome Emotion; but his great Soul having ſoon ſet him above a vain Fear, he reſolv'd to merit the King of *Poland*'s Eſteem, by ſhowing how much he eſteem'd

ſteem'd him. He waited then till the *Chiaoux* ſent by the *Grand Signior* was to take his Audience of Leave, in order to return to the *Porte*; and at the very ſame Time that the Envoy renewed the *Sultan*'s Requeſt to *Sigiſmund*, in Caſe *Jakaya* ſhould come and take Refuge with him; that Prince advancing fiercely into the middle of the Audience Chamber, and approaching the King reſpectfully, diſcovered himſelf to be that unfortunate Prince, whoſe Head was proſcribed with ſo much Malice. Know by my Sincerity, how great an Eſteem I have for your Majeſty, ſaid he, with a noble Boldneſs; 'tis your Protection that I implore, and I will not receive the illuſtrious Aſſurance thereof, but in the Preſence of the perfidious Agent of the Uſurper of my Throne. I might have ſtaid 'till his Departure before I threw myſelf into your Arms; but I was willing to make known to all the Univerſe, your Virtue, my Reſolution, and my Brother's Barbarity.

Theſe Words, which were uttered with abundance of Grace, flattered *Sigiſmund*'s great Soul. Prince, ſaid he, riſing up, I grant you my Protection; receive in my Court the Honours which are

are due to the real Heir of the *Ottoman* Empire. And thou, purſued he, turning towards the *Chiaoux*, may'ſt tell thy Maſter, that the Kings of *Poland* have always gloried in protecting Virtue, ſince 'tis to her alone they owe their Election. Having thus ſaid, *Sigiſmund* loaded the amiable *Jakaya* with Careſſes, whilſt the *Turkiſh* Envoy hurried out like a Madman, fully reſolved to revenge the Affront offered to the *Sultan*.

In Effect, he caballed with ſo much Addreſs in *Cracow*, againſt the Life of the unfortunate Prince of *Turkey*, that had it not been for a *Frenchman*, who was moved with his hard Fate, he had been aſſaſſinated. *Sigiſmund* was ſo much enraged at this baſe Procedure, that if the *Chiaoux* had not made his Eſcape immediately, he had paid for his odious Treachery with his Head.

Some Time after *Jakaya* thought proper to ſound the King, to know what Succour he might expect from him; but he ſoon found that Policy got the better of Pity: The *Ottoman* Power is ſo formidable, that one ought to fear drawing it raſhly upon a State: Wherefore, without

without being abſolutely refuſed, he eaſily comprehended that he had no Room to hope. But let us leave this unfortunate Prince for ſome Time to lament his fatal Deſtiny at *Cracow*, and return to the Prince of *Illyria*.

'Twas not without the ſtrongeſt Appearance of Reaſon, that *Jakaya* had believed he had periſh'd in the Battle he lately loſt; he had fallen among the dead, without any Senſes, dangerouſly wounded in ſeveral Places, and had not come to himſelf till the Conquerors were going to ſtrip him. His Cloaths were more magnificent than thoſe of the others that were wounded; wherefore he was eaſily known for one of the Commanders. Nevertheleſs, by an Effect of meer Chance, one of the Soldiers who intended to enrich himſelf by his Spoils, after having examin'd his Face ſome Time, recollected at laſt the Features of the *Great Gardener*.

His Fortune would have been made, if he would have diſcover'd him; but by very ſurprizing good Luck, *Cherſeg* had formerly done a very conſiderable Service to this Soldier, who remembring it now very ſeaſonably: Fear nothing *Ogli*, ſaid

ſaid he very low, as he pull'd off his Cloaths, I ſhall know how to ſecure you from the Torments that are prepared for you at *Conſtantinople*. Having thus ſaid, he went away with his Comrades.

Night was hardly come on, when the ſame Soldier, having carefully obſerved the Place, where *Cherſeg*, ſtretch'd at his Length, expected nothing but Death, came to him with one of his Friends, whom he had made believe that he had found his Brother among the wounded. Theſe two Men then drew near the Prince of *Illyria*, and having dreſs'd his Wounds as well as they could, removed him to their Tent, and there aſſiſted him in ſhort ſo ſeaſonably, that at the End of ſome Days, *Cherſeg* began to recover his Strength. By a Series of good Fortune, the Number of the Dead, that were found on the Field of Battle, obliged *Jefteden* to ſtay longer than he deſign'd in his Camp, in order to bury them; beſides which, this *Baſſa* was wounded himſelf, which gave the Prince of *Illyria* Time to recover entirely.

At laſt, the generous Soldier, who had always treated *Cherſeg* as his Brother, hearing that they were to decamp next Morning, and fearing that the *Great Gardener* would be diſcovered, adviſed him to make his Eſcape that very Night. I can do no more for thee, ſaid he, I have diſcharged the Obligation I had to thee, thy own Prudence now muſt preſerve thee from his *Highneſs*'s Fury. Hereupon the Prince thank'd his generous Protector a thouſand and a thouſand Times; and went away very much grieved, that he could not give him more effectual Proofs of his Gratitude.

As he was ſtill very weak, he found it extremely difficult to reach *Nicea*, where he conceal'd himſelf with the utmoſt Care till Night, when he went to *Anthoras*'s Cave. The News of the Loſs of the Battle they had fought with *Jefteden* had got thither before him; the taking of *Oſman*, and the Death of *Peri Baſſa*, had already been declared to the Princeſſes; they were both then in a Conſternation which it would be difficult to repreſent.

Felicia

Felicia eſpecially had Reaſon to be inconſolable; for, in ſhort, beſides the Fate which the *Vizier* her Father was to expect at the *Porte*, the uncertainty of *Jakaya*'s Deſtiny added conſiderably to her juſt Deſpair. As for *Mariana*, although her Grief was not leſs violent, ſhe had at moſt only the Death of her Lover to apprehend; and although this Fear always affects us the moſt ſenſibly, that which Nature inſpires has a very powerful Effect on a generous Soul.

However that be, theſe two unfortunate Princeſſes had heard this News, which they had not been able to conceal from them, with moſt deadly Anguiſh; had it not been for the Advice and Prudence of *Anthoras*, they would have ſunk under it: Imagine then, if it is poſſible, their extreme Surprize on ſeeing the Prince of *Illyria* again, pale, disfigur'd, and in a Dreſs very unſuitable to his Rank. *Mariana* gave a Cry which proceeded equally from her Aſtoniſhment and her Joy; ſhe was afraid it was the Ghoſt of that beloved Prince; but *Cherſeg* allowed her no Time to make Reflexions which ſuſpended her Raptures; for, falling at her Knees: Doubt it not,

Divine

Divine *Mariana*, ſaid he, you behold once more a Man who adores you, notwithſtanding the Dangers he has lately undergone; Love is too jealous of his Glory, to ſuffer me to die by any other Means, than by the Pleaſure of ſeeing you again.

As he was about to go on, *Felicia*, whoſe Impatience would not ſuffer her to obſerve ſo much Ceremony, as good Manners would have required at another Time, advanced haſtily towards *Cherſeg*: Ah! Prince, ſaid ſhe, permit me to interrupt ſuch tender Proteſtations, Love will make you amends for the Imprudence whereof he makes me guilty. What is become of the unfortunate *Jakaya?* Muſt I reſolve to follow that Prince to the Grave? Have I no longer any Hopes, and has the Cruelty of *Achmet* deprived me at once both of a Father and a Lover?

At theſe Words *Cherſeg*, riſing up with Speed; forgive my Rudeneſs, Madam, ſaid he, in Conſideration of the tender Paſſion wherewith the Princeſs of *Servia* inſpires me. I was not able to maſter the Tranſports, which her bright Eyes excited in my Soul; but, in order to attone

attone for my Faults, I can aſſure you that the illuſtrious *Jakaya* is not dead, neither does he languiſh in a ſhameful Captivity; I am aſſured beyond Queſtion of theſe two important Points: But I confeſs with Sorrow, that I know not what is become of him; I even flatter'd myſelf with the Hopes of finding him here; but in all probability he has not been able to get hither; and the Condition I was left in, prevented my knowing the Fate of a generous Friend, for whom I would freely lay down my Life.

Having thus ſaid, the Prince acquainted them with what had befallen him; during which *Mariana* could not help turning pale, and trembling, at the miſerable State wherein her Lover was left; but her Uneaſineſs ſoon gave way to the moſt charming of all Pleaſures: She again beheld *Cherſeg*, and no longer feared his expoſing himſelf any more, ſince the Rebels were entirely diſperſed.

In ſhort, every thing concurred to make her perfectly happy; and had it not been for the melancholy State of *Felicia*'s Affairs, ſhe wou'd have had nothing more to deſire: But the mournful Condition of this unfortunate Friend, counter-

counter-balanced her Happineſs. In vain did *Anthoras*, and his amiable Family, endeavour to comfort her; nothing was capable of aſſwaging her Sorrow, although they every Moment repreſented to her, that *Jakaya* had certainly eſcaped from *Jefteden*'s Victory.

Hereupon *Acles* and *Zulimo*, who, according to their uſual Cuſtom, did not fail to go every Day to *Nicea*, enquir'd with the greateſt Care of all that related to the Prince of *Turkey*. At laſt they heard of what had paſs'd in *Poland*, and of the noble Boldneſs of *Jakaya*. This News, which the two Princes affirm'd to be true, by the ſtrongeſt Oaths, reſtored Peace, in ſome Meaſure, to *Felicia*'s Mind; ſince *Jakaya* was ſtill living, and had eſcaped *Achmet*'s Rage.

She could have deſired no more, but the Happineſs of ſeeing him; but, as Fortune takes a barbarous Pleaſure in never granting any Bleſſing to Mankind, which is not attended with ſome Diſaſter, the Princes heard, almoſt at the ſame Time, of the Death of the *Vizier Oſman*, whom the *Grand Signior* had ſacrificed to his Fury. In vain would they have concealed it from the Princeſs; ſhe almoſt

dread this cruel Loſs in their Eyes, in ſpite of their utmoſt Efforts to the contrary; wherefore, as it was in all probability to have been expected, they were obliged at laſt to own it.

Felicia was ſo ſenſibly afflicted thereat, that if this News had come before the Aſſurance of *Jakaya*'s Life, it would, doubtleſs, have overcome her, and ſhe muſt have ſunk under it: But Love ſupported her againſt the Shocks of Nature.

Nevertheleſs, not to dwell too long upon what paſſed at the King of *Georgia*'s Cave, I ſhall take notice curſorily of the prodigious Terror which the Army of the Great *Cha-Abbas* ſtruck throughout the *Ottoman* Empire. The City of *Bagdat*, although very ſtrong, and provided with all that could put a Stop to a numerous Army, could not long reſiſt the Bravery of the *Perſians*; it was taken at laſt by Storm, and obliged to ſubmit to the Conqueror's Diſcretion. Above fourſcore Places in *Armenia* underwent the ſame Fate; and notwithſtanding the utmoſt Efforts of the *Baſſa Sigalla*, who endeavour'd by all manner of means to ſtop the King

King of *Perſia*'s Carreer, he ſaw him every Day make new Conqueſts.

He reſolv'd then, at laſt, to give *Cha-Abbas* Battle: It was undoubtedly one of the moſt bloody Engagements that ever was fought in the *Ottoman* Territories; but notwithſtanding the Experience of the General, and the deſperate Valour of the Soldiers, the *Turks* were entirely defeated, and the *Baſſa Sagalla* eſcaped that Danger by Flight, only to fall into a more cruel Misfortune, which he could not avoid; ſince the *Grand Signior* cauſed him to be ſtrangled, to puniſh, him for ſuffering himſelf to be overcome. This memorable Victory open'd the Gates of *Syria* and *Paleſtine*, (if I may uſe this Expreſſion) to the *Sophi*; who committed the moſt terrible Acts of Hoſtility in thoſe Countries.

During all theſe Tranſactions in *Turkey*, *Jakaya* not being able to prevail on *Sigiſmund* to undertake his Defence openly, went from *Cracow* to *Prague*, whence, in a little Time, he removed to *Vienna*, where the Emperor *Rodolph* II. then reigned. He was received there with all the Honours due to his Birth, and they even gave him ſome flattering Hopes,

after having aſſign'd him a Penſion ſuitable to his Rank; but the Prince ſoon perceived that his Expectations would prove abortive. Not being able therefore to remain long in an Inaction ſo contrary to his Ambition and his Love, he reſolved to go and join the *Emir Fakardin*, Prince of *Drus*, who had revolted in Favour of the King of *Perſia*, and whom *Ferdinand de Medicis*, ſeconded very powerfully.

Jakaya went then to *Florence*, to take Advantage of the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*'s Aſſiſtance; but by an Effect of his uſual ill Luck, *Ferdinand* died juſt as he entered his Dominions. Nevertheleſs, *Coſmo de Medicis*, his Son, received him favourably, and, ſome Time after, provided him a Squadron of Men of War, to conduct him to *Tripoli*, where *Naſſuf Baſſa*, the Head of the Rebels, then was. But, at the ſame Time that *Jakaya* was upon the Point of making a League with *Naſſuf*, he was inform'd by a faithful Spy, that this Traytor was endeavouring to make his Peace with his *Highneſs*, and intended to deliver him up, that he might obtain better Conditions.

The

The Prince had only Time then to re-imbark in all Haſte, and return again to *Florence*, whence he diſpatch'd a faithful Agent to the Sophy, *Cha-Abbas*. He firſt made out to this Prince, his Title to the Empire, and concluded with demanding his Protection, in Terms which, notwithſtanding their Submiſſion, maintain'd at the ſame Time the Dignity of a Sovereign.

But the *Sophi*, who already imagin'd himſelf Maſter of the *Ottoman* Power, would not raiſe himſelf up a Competitor for a Throne, of which his Ambition made him already think himſelf in Poſſeſſion. He refuſed his Aſſiſtance then to Prince *Jakaya*, and to give ſome Colour to his Refuſal, call'd him an Impoſtor; proteſting that, if he could really believe him the right Heir to the *Turkiſh* Empire, he ſhould glory in re-eſtabliſhing him upon the Throne of his Anceſtors. But that he knew, beyond all doubt, that the whole Story that was given out in Favour of Prince *Jakaya* was an Impoſture.

This News over-whelm'd the Prince with the moſt ſenſible Grief that he had ever yet felt; he found himſelf not only deprived of the Empire, but likewiſe his Title to it diſputed: O Heavens, what Courage and Greatneſs of Soul muſt one have, to bear up againſt ſo many Misfortunes! What melancholy Reflexions did he not make! What fatal Thoughts did not crowd into his Head! How often did he reſolve to give over a Deſign wherein every Thing ſeem'd to oppoſe him! But he was not yet at the End of his Misfortunes; he muſt finiſh his Courſe. His fatal Ambition made him hope for ſome happy Turn; whilſt treacherous Love perſuaded him that he ought to attempt every thing for *Felicia*. Beſides, his Vanity was concern'd in the Purſuit of his raſh Enterprize; ſince 'twas confirming the World in the Surmiſes the King of *Perſia* had ſtarted, if he did not endeavour to overthrow them.

Whilſt he was plunged in theſe melancholy Reflexions, thoſe which were made at the King of *Georgia*'s Cave were no leſs afflicting. *Felicia*, whoſe Sorrow was at laſt a little aſſwaged for *Oſman*'s unhappy Fate, could not forgive herſelf for

for having deliver'd up *Jakaya* to all the Misfortunes to which he was expoſed. The prudent Advice of *Anthoras*, had at laſt convinced this amiable Princeſs, of the ſenſeleſs Vanity of the Greatneſs of this Life. She now thirſted only after Tranquillity, wherein ſhe found Charms which the Attractions of a Throne no longer diſturb'd; *Jakaya* alone was the Object of her Deſires.

Cherſeg and *Mariana*, by the Sweetneſs of their Union, confirm'd *Felicia* in the pleaſing Ideas which ſhe had form'd of a private Life, exempted from all Torments. Alas! how bleſs'd had ſhe been, if Fortune, envious of her Happineſs, would have permitted *Jakaya* to have had the ſame Thoughts! and that abandoning for ever his treacherous Hopes, and being wearied out with his Croſſes, he could have enjoy'd, in a ſweet Obſcurity, the Pleaſures wherewith Love fills thoſe Hearts which ſubmit to his Empire! *Anthoras* was over-joy'd to find her in this Diſpoſition.

The Prince of *Illyria*, who, whilſt near the charming *Mariana*, would have thought himſelf more happy, than if ſeated upon the firſt Throne in the Univerſe,

was ſo ſenſibly affected with the Fate of his Friend, that this one Thought alone proved an Allay to his Happineſs. His Trouble grew at laſt ſo great, that not being able to live at Eaſe, without the amiable Prince of *Turkey*, he reſolved to go in Search of him. His own Concern, with the Anguiſh under which *Felicia* labour'd, pierced him to the very Soul. Wherefore he communicated his Deſign to the Princeſſes, in Preſence of *Anthoras*, and his illuſtrious Family.

Mariana trembled at this Propoſal; but *Cherſeg*, who perceived her Diſorder, taking her reſpectfully by the Hand, and preſſing it between his: Beauteous Princeſs, ſaid he, I ſhould ceaſe to merit your Love, and your Eſteem, if I was capable of forgetting a Friend in Diſtreſs; a Heart can never be conſtant in Love, that is not ſo in Friendſhip: Permit me then to go and pay to Friendſhip the Tribute which it exacts from generous Souls.

Beſides, continued he, my Deſign in going to *Jakaya*, is to cure him of his unhappy Fondneſs of Grandeur, and inſpire him with the Thoughts of a bleſt Retirement with what he loves. I hope,

purſued

purſued he, turning to *Felicia*, that this fair Princeſs will not refuſe to aſſiſt me in my Purpoſe, by ſending by me an affectionate and preciſe Order to that Effect.

Too generous *Cherſeg*, interrupted *Felicia*, I have the deepeſt and moſt grateful Senſe of the kind Aſſiſtance which you offer me; but if your great Soul prompts you to offer it, on one hand, mine ought, on the other, to refuſe you ſo cruel a Sacrifice. Live then for the beauteous Princeſs of *Servia*; perhaps one Day, the juſt Heavens, being moved with my Pains, will inſpire Prince *Jakaya* with Sentiments ſuitable to my Love, and his own Tranquillity.

No, no, interrupted the amiable *Mariana* in her Turn, being recover'd from her Diſorder; I approve of *Cherſeg*'s Deſign, it redoubles my Eſteem, and augments my Love: I conſent then to his Departure; and tho' I could not at firſt ſurmount the Uneaſineſs the Thoughts of his Abſence gave me, my Reaſon tells me that the Motive is too glorious for me to dare either to oppoſe it, or complain thereof.

The wiſe *Anthoras*, who happen'd to be preſent at this Converſation, extoll'd equally the generous Sentiments of the one and the other; he likewiſe thought *Cherſeg*'s Reſolution ſo noble, that far from blaming it, he at laſt made *Felicia* conſent to his Departure: Wherefore, after many Scruples, ſhe wrote this Letter to *Jakaya*.

LETTER.

THE Conflict is over, my dear Prince; Ambition has given Place, in my Soul, to more tender and more reaſonable Sentiments. I renounce the Honours which your Courage promiſes me, and now will not reign any where but in your Heart: 'Tis there that I bound all my Pleaſures and my Schemes: In ſhort, I no longer deſire any Thing but your Love. Follow my Example, Jakaya, give yourſelf up no more to the deceitful Charms of unjuſt Fortune; ſince her Blindneſs prevents her diſtinguiſhing Merit and Virtue. Come to this Retirement; you will find there neither Palaces, nor Magnificence, but Love prepares you there a happy Fate: Heſitate no longer then, dear Prince; forſake all for me, as I abandon all for you; let

let your Impatience, to anſwer my Expectation, prevent my repenting my tender Thoughts of you; 'tis Love who begs it of you, and even who commands it, by the Mouth of

FELICIA.

Some Days after the writing of this Letter, the Prince of *Illyria* ſet out, in the Habit of a *Geomiler*, a Sort of Religious Order among the *Perſians*, very much reſpected by the *Eaſtern* Nations. 'Twas with Regret that he left the Princeſs of *Servia*, nor was *Mariana* leſs ſenſible of his Departure; but, without dwelling upon their Complaints, I ſhall only ſay that *Cherſeg*, who had heard by the publick Report, that *Jakaya* had retired to *Florence*, directed his Courſe towards *Italy*, with incredible Trouble and Fatigues. (No doubt, 'tis only in remote Countries that two faithful Friends are to be found; where ſhould we meet any amongſt us who would imitate this Example?)

But without rambling from my Subject by an uſeleſs Digreſſion, I will return to the generous *Cherſeg*: This Prince then, after a tedious and dangerous Jour-

ney of two Months, arrived at laſt at the City of *Algiers*; juſt as he was ready to embark on board a Ship that was bound to *Legborn*, he fell ſo dangerouſly ſick that he was within a little of Death. During his Illneſs, which was extremely deſperate, and from which he did not recover till after a conſiderable Time, there happen'd ſome very terrible Events in *Turkey*.

The *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, revolted publickly againſt the *Sultan*, and eſpouſed the King of *Perſia*'s Party with a conſiderable Body of Troops; as a Recompence for which Treaſon, the *Sophi* had proclaim'd him King of *Syria*. *Achmet* no ſooner heard this cruel News, than he was forced to make Peace with the Emperor, although he carried on the War with Succeſs in *Hungary*, by the means of *Borcay*, *Vaivód* of *Tranſilvania*.

The *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, to render himſelf worthy of the Glorious Title, with which the *Sophi* had honoured him, advanced to meet the *Baſſa* of *Tripoli* and *Syria*, and offer'd him Battle, wherein the new King had all the Advantage, and repulſed the Enemy with abundance of Intrepidity.

The

The *Baſſa*, being almoſt deſperate at the ill Succeſs of this Engagement, made one laſt Effort, which proved not a Jot more fortunate; for he was again defeated; and had no other Refuge but to throw himſelf into the City of *Damaſcus*; which ſoon yielded to the Conqueror, after that the *Baſſa* of *Tripoli* had been kill'd fighting valiantly; and *Tripoli* underwent the ſame Fate, as well as moſt of the Cities of *Paleſtine*.

This important News, which was ſoon ſpread all over the World, rouz'd up, to the laſt Degree, the Ambition of *Jakaya*, who had kept at *Florence* ever ſince his Return from *Tripoli*. From thence he went to *Averſa*, at the Invitation of *Philip* III. King of *Spain*. He met there with a magnificent Reception, and the Viceroy of *Naples* promis'd him ſpeedy Aſſiſtance: But, this unfortunate Prince, ſoon ſaw himſelf deceiv'd in this Court, as he had been in all others. The Council of *Spain*, after many Deliberations, concluded not to interfere in ſuch an important Affair.

Jakaya

Jakaya then was obliged again to renounce that faint Hope, wherewith he had flatter'd himſelf: Nevertheleſs, being obſtinately bent to ſtrive with his Misfortunes, he went to *Rome*, where he ſpared no Pains to gain the *Holy See* over to his Intereſt. In vain did he repreſent that now was a favourable Time to overthrow the *Ottoman* Empire; in vain did he ſwear to become tributary to the *Apoſtolick Chair*, all his Promiſes were loſt in Air, and he was forced to reſolve to ſeek other Protectors.

The Court of *France* then ſeem'd to him the only one whereon he could ground any Hopes; he went thither therefore with all ſpeed. He was received there with Honour, and *Charles de Gonzague*, Duke of *Nevers*, declared himſelf the Protector of ſuch an unfortunate Prince, whoſe Virtue deſerved a different Fate.

But, whilſt he wander'd thus from Court to Court, the Prince of *Illyria* having recovered his Strength, embark'd for *Florence*, where he arrived too late, *Jakaya* having been gone from thence above three Months. He was forced

then to reſolve to follow this Prince by the Track, and 'twas not till he reach'd *France* that *Cherſeg* could meet with him.

Let any one imagine, if poſſible, the Surprize of *Jakaya* at the Sight of the Prince of *Illyria*; his Aſtoniſhment and his Joy were paſt Expreſſion. At laſt, running into the Arms of *Cherſeg*; my dear Friend, ſaid he, is it poſſible that the kind Heavens permit me to behold you again. Ah! I forgive them all the Evils they have made me ſuffer ſince our Separation, ſince they reſtore me the Prince of *Illyria*.

'Tis not enough that I am again near you, dear *Jakaya*, interrupted *Cherſeg*, returning his Careſſes; the ſame Heaven, whoſe Decrees we ought always to admire, ſends me hither to deliver you from a ſhameful Bondage. Fly for ever from a cruel Ambition; free yourſelf from its treacherous Slavery; if my Perſuaſion is not enough to induce you to it, purſued he, obey without heſitating, the Order I bring you, dictated by Love, and ſign'd by the Hand of *Felicia*: Having thus ſaid, *Cherſeg* gave the Prince the Letter wherewith he was intruſted.

Hereupon,

Hereupon, *Jakaya* haſtily taking the Paper, without giving himſelf Time to make any Anſwer, read with an inconceivable Joy what the beauteous Princeſs enjoin'd him; then after kiſſing the Letter, and watering it with his Tears: Is it poſſible, dear Prince, ſaid he, that this Order ſhould come from the charming *Felicia?* Who can have put it into your Hands? In a Word, by what Inchantment do you acquaint me with her Will?

It requires but one Word, reply'd *Cherſeg*, to anſwer all theſe Queſtions; 'twas from herſelf I had the Letter; and I am come expreſly to oblige you to go in Perſon, and carry the Anſwer. Having thus ſaid, the Prince of *Illyria* related all that had befallen him ſince the Battle, wherein *Peri-Baſſa* was kill'd, and the *Vizier Oſman* taken Priſoner.

Jakaya liſten'd to all theſe Events with inexpreſſible Aſtoniſhment; but when *Cherſeg* came to that Part where he inform'd him that he had deſignedly left *Mariana*, on purpoſe to travel in ſearch of him, and reſtore Peace to fair *Felicia*'s troubled Mind: Ah! 'tis too much, dear Friend, cry'd the Prince of *Turkey*, interrupting

terrupting him, and embracing him tenderly, you carry Generoſity to the higheſt Pitch; I owe you all, I can do nothing to teſtify my Gratitude. Let us go Prince, continued he, tho' I were to abandon the Empire of the Univerſe; all I now conſider is an adorable Miſtreſs who enjoins it, and a perfect Friend who requeſts it.

After this Aſſurance, *Jakaya* ſecretly ſettled his Affairs, and diſappear'd on a ſudden, without acquainting any one with his Deſign; ſoon after, he left the Kingdom, embarking on board a Veſſel of *Marſeilles*, which was bound to *Algiers*.

This ſudden Departure, gave riſe to all the falſe Rumours that were ſpread Abroad to that Prince's Diſadvantage; ſome pretending that he had retired amongſt the *Carthuſians* at *Dijon*, and others judging that he was but an Impoſtor, who durſt not expoſe himſelf any longer to the Danger of being found out.

The Prince of *Turkey* rightly miſtruſted the Noiſe that his diſappearing would occaſion, and uſed to diſcourſe thereof mournfully with *Cherſeg*: I am going to become the whole Talk of the Univerſe, ſaid

ſaid he, after they were embark'd; What Triumph for my Enemies! and what Shame for me! Ah! *Jakaya*, cry'd the Prince of *Illyria* haſtily interrupting him, baniſh theſe vain Reflexions from your Mind; Why ſhould it concern you what falſe Notions Mankind may have of you? Have you not in your own Virtue wherewith to comfort yourſelf for this Diſgrace? Beſides, what have you done in the World till this Hour? And what were your Hopes for the future? You have been ſeen leading a languiſhing and unfortunate Life; being the unhappy Sport of the Caprices of Fate, you have always fallen a Victim to them; but in the happy Medium to which your Reaſon and your Love are going to reduce you, you will have nothing to fear: Being ſurrounded by ſincere Friends, and in Poſſeſſion of an adorable Miſtreſs, you will look with an equal Eye on all the Viciſſitudes of Life, and enjoy a Tranquillity which nothing will be able to diſturb: Nay, if your Heart, when there, is ſtill ſuſceptible of Revenge, you will ſee your Enemies, ſometimes overwhelm'd with domeſtick Troubles, ſometimes ready to be ſubdued by foreign Wars, and perpetually tortured with Cares and Anguiſh; whilſt you, being ſafe from the capricious

capricious Strokes of Envy, will enjoy that true Happineſs which a ſweet Solitude only affords.

Amiable Prince, cry'd *Jakaya*, I am ſenſible of the Truth of your Words; the Conflict is over; being freed from the Tyranny of falſe Glory, I will be ruled for the future only by my Love and your Counſel; you have ſet Bounds to the imperious Paſſion which prey'd upon me. Yes, I renounce for ever the chimerical Grandeur whoſe Charms uſed to dazzle my Underſtanding, and will henceforth only devote my Days to Love, and faithful Friendſhip. Thus did theſe two Princes diſcourſe together during their Voyage.

At laſt, being happily arrived at *Algiers*, they diſguiſed themſelves carefully, and after infinite Difficulties, arrived at the Cave of *Anthoras*. What had not the two Princeſſes ſuffered during this long Abſence! What melancholly Thoughts! What afflicting Forebodings!

Sometimes the Idea of *Jakaya* and *Cherſeg*'s Death, intruded to diſturb their Imagination; ſometimes Jealouſy took Poſſeſſion of their Hearts; in a Word, all he

the untoward Thoughts, which Fear can ſuggeſt, crowded into the Minds of theſe unfortunate Lovers. But then, the more torturing their Troubles were, the more exquiſite was their Joy, on beholding again the Object of their Love.

I will not pretend therefore to deſcribe it; they alone who have truly loved, can comprehend Emotions unknown to thoſe whoſe Hearts are ſuſceptible only of a cold Indifference. *Jakaya* then found himſelf confirm'd in his noble Reſolutions on beholding his fair Princeſs again, and renounc'd for ever all Sentiments that were repugnant to his Love. In ſhort, theſe four illuſtrious Lovers, ſwore in Preſence of *Anthoras*, that nothing but Death ſhould ever have the Power to part them.

But the King of *Georgia*, who was willing to compleat their Happineſs, gave them to underſtand, with that Energy which Truth adds to Eloquence, that the Difference of their Religion was a Bar to their perfect Felicity. Whereupon *Jakaya*, whom Ambition alone had induced to act contrary to his Duty, and his own Sentiments, ſucceſsfully employ'd his Love and his Repentance to convince *Felicia* of the Errors of *Mahometiſm*.

The

The Prince of *Illyria*, who had long repented of his Apoſtacy, united his Endeavours with thoſe of the *Turkiſh* Prince, inſomuch that that beauteous Princeſs, who was Miſtreſs of infinite Wit and Underſtanding, ſoon felt within her that Conviction, which the Force of Truth imprints in our Hearts.

The good *Anthoras* was overjoy'd to find them in ſuch an excellent Diſpoſition; wherefore he cauſed one of the Miniſters of our holy Religion to be brought with the utmoſt Secrecy, who not only baptiz'd the amiable *Felicia*, and re-admitted *Cherſeg* and *Jakaya* into the Pale of the Church, by their ſolemn Abjuration of *Mahometiſm*; but alſo united theſe four Lovers by a Bond which Love and Marriage render'd indiſſoluble.

Why have not I Eloquence and Energy enough to be able to expreſs the Exceſs of their Happineſs? I ſhould take a ſenſible Pleaſure in deſcribing it in its full Extent. But theſe are Myſteries which are hardly to be comprehended, even by the Experience of thoſe who enjoy the Sweets of a mutual Affection: I ought not therefore to think of repreſenting them

them. 'Tis ſufficient to ſay, that Love, which is almoſt always buried in the Habit of a married State, was kept alive in their Hearts with the ſame Ardour as on the firſt Day.

Contented with his Lot, *Jakaya* ſaw, without any Concern, the *Ottoman* Empire within an Ace of Deſtruction; in Effect, the *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*'s Army, having join'd the *Sophi*, ſubdued greateſt Part of *Natolia* and *Caramania*. But Heaven, which would not conſent to the Ruin of this Empire, ſuffer'd at laſt the prudent Conduct of the *Grand Vizier Ali*, and the Valour of the *Baſſa Muſtapha*, to put a Stop to the Conqueſts of *Cha-Abbas*. The *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, after the Loſs of ſeveral Battles, was forced to reſign himſelf up to the Clemency of *Achmet*, who gave him a favourable Reception; after which, his *Highneſs* was not long, before he drove the *Sophi* out of the *Ottoman* Territories.

F I N I S.